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1

*NCM
(Whittingham)
Shakespeare

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1001-1005.



*NCM



*NCM
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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
William Shakspeare.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.



the Justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd.

Whittingham's Edition.

CHISWICK :

PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM.

ED BY CARPENTER AND SON; J. CARR;
AND HAILES; GALE, CURTIS, AND FENNER;
ENNINGS; AND J. MARTIN. LONDON.

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From ch

KING HENRY VI.
PART III.



From the Chiswick Press.

1813.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry VI.

Edward, Prince of Wales, his Son.

Lewis XI. King of France.

Duke of Somerset,

Duke of Exeter,

Earl of Oxford,

Earl of Northumberland,

Earl of Westmoreland,

Lord Clifford,

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York.

Edward, Earl of March, afterwards

King Edward IV.

Edmund, Earl of Rutland,

George, afterwards Duke of Clarence,

Richard, afterwards Duke of Gloster,

Duke of Norfolk,

Marquis of Montague,

Earl of Warwick,

Earl of Pembroke,

Lord Hastings,

Lord Stafford,

Sir John Mortimer,

Sir Hugh Mortimer,

Henry, Earl of Richmond, a Youth.

Lord Rivers, Brother to Lady Grey. Sir V

Stanley. Sir John Montgomery. Sir John

ville. Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York.

tenant of the Tower. A Nobleman. Two K

A Huntsman. A Son that has killed his Fath

Father that has killed his Son.

Queen Margaret.

Lady Grey, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.

Bona, Sister to the French Queen.

*Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry on
Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.*

*SCENE, during Part of the Third Act, in
during all the rest of the Play. in Engl*

*Lords on King I
side.*

his So

*of the Duke of Y
Party.*

Uncles to the Duke of I

ACT I.



LONDON. *The PARLIAMENT-HOUSE.*

*Soldiers of York's Party break in.
The Duke of York, EDWARD, RICH-
OLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and
white Roses in their Hats.*

CONSIDER how the king escap'd our hands.
We pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
Way, and left his men:
Great lord of Northumberland,
Whom years could never brook retreat,
His drooping army; and himself,
And lord Stafford, all abreast,
In battle's front, and, breaking in,
Words of common soldiers slain.
Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
Was wounded dangerous:
With a downright blow;
Father, behold his blood.
[Showing his bloody Sword.]



Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood,
 Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.
[Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's Head.]

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—
 What, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,
 Before I see thee seated in that throne

Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
 I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of the fearful king,
 And this the regal seat: possess it, York:
 For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
 For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; he, that flies, shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk,—Stay by me, my lords;—

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,
 Unless he seek to thrust you out by force. *[They retire.]*

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,
 But little thinks, we shall be of her council:
 By words or blows, here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd, as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
 Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;
 And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
 Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
 I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
 The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
 Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
 I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—
 Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
[Warwick leads York to the Throne, who seats himself.]



G HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUM-
MORELAND, EXETER, and others,
their Huts.

Look where the sturdy rebel sits,
state! belike, he means
er of Warwick, that false peer),
crown, and reign as king.—
land, he slew thy father;— [venge
ford; and you both have vow'd re-
a favourites, and his friends.
t, heavens, be reveng'd on me!
proof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
we suffer this? let's pluck him down:
burns, I cannot brook it.
nt, gentle earl of Westmoreland.
for poltroons, and such as he;
re, had your father liv'd.
ere in the parliament
nily of York.

thou spoken, cousin; be it so.
v you not, the city favours them,
s of soldiers at their beck?
e duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.
e thought of this from Henry's heart,
of the parliament-house!
cowns, words, and threats,
at Henry means to use.—

[*They advance to the Duke.*
of York, descend my throne,
and mercy at my feet;

Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine.
come down; he made thee duke of

heritance, as the earldom was.
is a traitor to the crown.
art a traitor to the crown,
ing Henry.

THIRD PART OF

ACT I.

Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of York.
 And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
 must and shall be so. Content thyself.
 duke of Lancaster, let him be king.
 is both king and duke of Lancaster:
 he lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.
 and Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
 are those, which chas'd you from the field,
 your fathers, and with colours spread
 through the city to the palace gates.
 Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
 his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
 Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
 asmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
 drops of blood were in my father's veins.
 Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
 thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
 all revenge his death, before I stir.
 Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!
 Will you, we show our title to the crown?
 our swords shall plead it in the field.
 Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
 ather was, as thou art, duke of York;
 grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
 the son of Henry the fifth,
 made the dauphin and the French to stoop,
 seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
 Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.
 Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
 I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
 You are old enough now, and yet, methinks
 you lose:—
 tear the crown from the usurper's head.
 Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.
 nt. Good brother, [To York] as thou lov'st
 honour'st arms,
 ght it out, and not stand cavilling thus.
 Sound drums and trumpets, and the kin
 Sons, peace!
 Peace thou! and give king Henry

speak first :—hear him, lords;
 tentative too,
 m, shall not live. [throne,
 , that I will leave my kingly
 nd my father, sat?
 ple this my realm;
 ten borne in France;
 our heart's great sorrow,—
 it—Why faint you, lords?
 er far than his.
 nry, and thou shalt be king.
 th by conquest got the crown.
 on against his king.
 hat to say; my title's weak.
 adopt an heir?

, then am I lawful king:
 of many lords,
 enry the fourth;
 us, and I am his.
 him, being his sovereign,
 his crown perforce.
 ds, he did it unconstrain'd,
 icial to his crown?
 I not so resign his crown,
 ould succeed and reign.
 ust us, duke of Exeter?
 and therefore pardon me.
 ou, my lords, and answer not?
 ills me he is lawful king.
 t from me, and turn to him.
 or all the claim thou lay'st,
 hall be so depos'd.
 I be, in despite of all.
 'd: 'tis not thy southern power,
 dk, nor of Kent,—
 resumptuous and proud,—
 spite of me.
 hy title right or wrong,

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster resign thy crown:—

What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;

Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[He Stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.]

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word;—
Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Cliff. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?

War. What good is this to England, and himself?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Cliff. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Cliff. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,

In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Cliff. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!

Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

[Exeunt North, Cliff. and West.]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But, be it as it may:—I here entail

The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

*Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this*

To honour me as thy king and sovereign ;
 And neither by treason, nor hostility,
 To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet embrace
 him. *[Coming from the Throne.]* *[sons!]*

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward
 York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes!

[Scurt. The Lords come forward.]

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London, with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

*[Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk,
 Montague, Soldiers, and Attendants.]*

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE of WALES.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her
 I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. *[anger:]*

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee. *[Going.]*

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes!

Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
 And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
 Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
 Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
 Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;
 Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
 Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;
 Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
 Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,
 And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:

If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret—

[son:]—

Pardon me, sweet

Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited,
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee:—Come, son, let's away:
Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace: till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.]

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke;

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace and us ;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now :

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken :

I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.

Rich. No ; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son ; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took

Before a true and lawful magistrate,

That hath authority over him that swears :

Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;

Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

ak.
then

me?

d.

d.

d.

ACT 1.

THIRD PART OF

is vain and frivolous.
 And, father, do but think,
 it is to wear a crown;
 it is Elysium,
 feign of bliss and joy.
 r thus? I cannot rest,
 ose, that I wear, be died
 warm blood of Henry's heart.
 i, enough; I will be king, or die.—
 alt to London presently,
 arwick to this enterprise.—
 shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,
 ivily of our intent.—
 shall unto my lord Cobham,
 e Kentishmen will willingly rise:
 t; for they are soldiers,
 rteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
 , thus employ'd, what resteth more,
 k occasion how to rise;
 ing not privy to my drift,
 ne house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

What news? Why com'st thou in such post
 queen, with all the northern earls and lords
 to besiege you in your castle:
 by with twenty thousand men;
 re fortify your hold, my lord,
 y, with my sword. What! think'st thou
 at we fear them?—
 d Richard, you shall stay with me;—
 r Montague shall post to London:
 Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
 have left protectors of the king,
 verful policy strengthen themselves,
 not simple Henry, nor his oaths.
 Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
 ost humbly I do take my leave.
 Sir JOHN and Sir HUGH MORTIMER
 John, and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine

he shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.
at, with five thousand men?
with five hundred, father, for a need.
neral; what should we fear?

[*A March afar off.*
r their drums; let's set our men in order;
th, and bid them battle straight.
men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
mole, of our victory.
have I won in France,
enemy hath been ten to one;
not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

III. Plains near SANDAL CASTLE.

ursions. Enter RUTLAND and his Tutor.
hither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
ak, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.
lain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
t of this accursed duke,
slew my father,—he shall die.
, my lord, will bear him company.
ers, away with him.
lifford! murder not this innocent child,
hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*
now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
im close his eyes?—I'll open them.
aks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
under his devouring paws:
ks, insulting o'er his prey;
es to rend his limbs asunder.—
ord, kill me with thy sword,
ch a cruel threat'ning look.
ear me speak before I die;—

PART OF

ACT 1.

O'er thy wrath,
and let me live.
Oak'st, poor boy; my father's

where thy words should enter.
er's blood open it again;
rd, cope with him.
ren here, their lives, and thine,
ient for me;
refathers' graves,
ffins up in chains,
ire, nor ease my heart.
house of York
y soul;
accursed line,
I live in hell.

[Lifting his Hand.

efore I take my death:—
Clifford, pity me!
rapier's point affords.
arm; Why wilt thou slay me?

But 'twas ere I was born.
is sake pity me;
—sith God is just,—
as I.
all my days;
n of offence,
thou hast no cause.

r; therefore, die.

[Clifford stabs him.

is summa sit ista tue! [Dies.

ome, Plantagenet!

cleaving to my blade,

on, till thy blood,

ake me wipe off both. [Exit.

Alarum. Enter YORK.

Yor. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My men both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starv'd wolves.
My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them:
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me;
And thrice cried,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried,—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
And cried,—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!
With this we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[*A short alarum within.*]

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Cliff. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.

*him
Dies*

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[They lay Hands on York, who struggles.]

Cliff. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gun.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[York is taken Prisoner.]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;

So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd. *[Now]*

North. What would your grace have done unto him

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumber-
land,

*Come, make him stand upon this molehill here;
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—*

...that he
...most speak
...for York
...his hands
[Part]
...y, sir, now
...as he that to
...is he was hi
...is it, that hi
...d so soon, a
...think me, you
...king Henry
...will you pale yo
...his complexion
...in his life, ag
...is a fault too
...with the cr
...which w

What! was it you, that would be England's king?
Was't you, that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dickie, your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.

I prythee, grieve, to make me merry, York:
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.

Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—

A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.—
Hold you his hands; whilst I do set it on.—

[Putting a Paper Crown upon his Head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!

Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;

And this is he was his adopted heir.—

But how is it, that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?

As I bethink me, you should not be king,

Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.

And wilt thou pale your head in Henry's glory,

And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, against your holy oath?

O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!—

With the crown; and, with the crown, his head;

Cliff. That is my office, for my father's sake,
 Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes -
 York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves
 of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
 How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
 To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
 Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
 But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
 I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
 Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
 shameless.

Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
 Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;
 Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
 Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
 Unless the adage must be verified, -
 That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
 'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
 But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
 'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;
 The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
 'Tis government, that makes them seem divine;
 The want thereof makes thee abominable:
 Thou art as opposite to every good,
 As the Antipodes are unto us,
 Or as the south to the septentrion.
 O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
 How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
 Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

*Did'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
 Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will
 For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
 And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.*

These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with
blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.

See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy;
And I with tears do wash the blood away.

Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
[*He gives back the Handkerchief.*]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—

There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—

Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughterman to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumber-
land?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Cliff. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[*Stabbing him.*]

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.
[*Stabbing him.*]

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates!
[*Dies.*]

ACT II.



SCENE I. A Plain near MORTIMER'S CROSS, in
HEREFORDSHIRE.

Drums. Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with their
Forces, marching.

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?
Rich. I cannot joy, until I be become.

Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford for
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs
Or as a lion, pinch'd a few, and made the

Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns. [speak it,
Rich. Nay, bear three daughters;—by your leave I
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes;
And fought against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
Hercules himself must yield to odds;
many strokes, though with a little axe,

ror, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee:—
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence! that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest:
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

more anguish than the wounds.
like of York is slain.

Warwick! that Plantagenet,
ly, as his soul's redemption,
lifford done to death.

I drown'd these news in tears :
measure to your woes,

gs since then befall's.

t Wakefield fought,
er breath'd his latest gasp,

ie posts could run,
ur loss, and his depart.

er of the king,
ather'd flocks of friends,

l, as I thought,
ans, to intercept the queen,

ehalf along :

dvértised,
h a full intent

i parliament,

ath, and your succession.

at St. Albans met,
th sides



them, no hope to win the day,
fled; the king, unto the queen;
urge your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
post-haste, are come to join with you;
e marches here, we heard, you were,
another head to fight again.

Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
on came George from Burgundy to England?
Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers:
your brother,—he was lately sent
our kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
d of soldiers to this needful war.

'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
I heard his praises in pursuit,
r, till now, his scandal of retire.

Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:
I shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
ok the diadem from saint Henry's head,
—al acceptre from his fist;

For king of England shalt thou be proclaimed
In every borough as we pass along;
And he, that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.

King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—

Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel

(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds),

come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums;—God, and saint
George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. **H**ow now? what news?

Mes. **T**he duke of Norfolk sends you word by me.

The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors: Let's aw-

[Exe-

SCENE II. Before York.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE of WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND with Forces.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy, [Yo
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rooks cheer them that fear th
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.— [wreck
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Not wittingly have I infrin'd my vow.

Cliff. My gracious liege, this too much lenity,
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that, the forest bear doth lick?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,

Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight

Look on the boy;
face, which promiseth
steel thy melting heart,
and leave thine own with him.
ell hath Clifford play'd the orator,
ts of mighty force.
ne, didst thou never hear,—
had ever bad success?
was it for that son,
is hoarding went to hell?
y virtuous deeds behind;
her had left me no more!
ld at such a rate,
d-fold more care to keep,
ny jot of pleasure.
ould thy best friends did know,
ne that thy head is here! [nigh,
cheer up your spirits; our foes are
makes your followers faint.
hood to our forward son;
, and dub him presently.—

lantagor

ACT 2.

THIRD PART OF

backing of the duke of York;
 as they do march along,
 king, and many fly to him:
 battle, for they are at hand.
 ould, your highness would depart the field;
 with best success when you are absent.
 y, good, my lord, and leave us to our fortune.
 Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll
 ie it with resolution then to fight. [stay]
 My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
 an those that fight in your defence:
 your sword, good father; cry, Saint George!

Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WAR-
 K, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.
 Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
 thy diadem upon my head;

the mortal fortune of the field?
 far. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
 ces it thee to be thus bold in terms,
 thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?
 w. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
 adopted heir by his consent:
 when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
 —that are king, though he do wear the crown,—
 re caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
 blot out me, and put his own son in.

Cliff. And reason too;
 ho should succeed the father, but the son?
 Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot spe
 Cliff. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer
 or any be the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that killed young Rutland, was?
 Cliff. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
 Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to th
 War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yi
 crown? [dare ye]

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd,
 then you and I met at St. Albans last,
 our legs did better service than your han

uel child-killer.
Call'st thou him a child?
, and a treacherous coward,
er brother Rutland;
ee curse the deed.
words, my lords, and hear

or else hold close thy lips.
o limits to my tongue;
o speak.
hat bred this meeting here,
herefore be still.
nsheath thy sword:
resolv'd,
npon his tongue.
ave my right, or 'ho?
heir fests to-day,
ou yield the crown.
and



ACT 2.

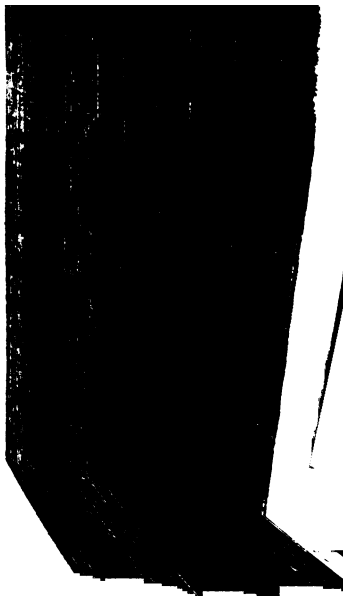
a art extraugh,
a heart?
thousand crowns,
herself.—
a thou,
nclaus;
ther wrong'd
g by thee.
of France,
the dauphin stoop;
g to his state,
y to this day:
o his bed,
h his bridal day;
w'd a shower for him,
tunes forth of France,
crown at home.
is tumult, but thy pride?
ur title still had slept,
entle king,
ntil another age.
w our sunshine made thy spring,
red us no increase,
usurping root:
hath something hit ourselves,
e we have begun to strike,
ill we have hewn thee down,
h our heated bloods.
Defy thee;

rike, ungentle death!
d's sun is clouded.
t hap? what hope of

2.
but sad despair;
lows us:
hall we fly?
low us with wings;
n pursuit.

3.
on withdrawn thyself?
rth hath drunk,
Clifford's lance:
ie cried,—
om far,—
ge my death!
leeds,
moking blood,
ghost.
iken with our blood:
ot fly.
omen here,
doth rage;

ng actors?
ove,
still,



And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold fit
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to the
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!
Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey,—
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—an
Warwick,

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:—
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time &
War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords
Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars, that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such reward
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing brea-
For yet is hope of life, and victory.—

Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Fore'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Fore'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
Now, one the better; then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
"Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;

c

His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason, wait on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father,
dragging in the dead Body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits no-body.—
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns:
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!

*From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereav'd him.—*

r;

th grief.

he *Body*

,

—

rise,

tl—

common

ds!—

ns;

is

st.

death,



Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied?

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woful chances,
Mis-think the king, and not be satisfied?

Son. Was ever son, so ru'd a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father, so bemoan'd a son?

K. Hen. Was ever king, so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[Exit, with the Body.]

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[Exit, with the Body.]

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET,
PRINCE OF WALES, and EXETER.*

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit. [again:

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence again.

Etc. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward! away! [Exeunt.]

RET,
are fed
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For, at their hands, I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:—
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabb'd your father's bosom, split my breast.

[He faints.]

Alarm and Retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE,
RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us
pause,
smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—

Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen;
 That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
 As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
 Command an argosy to stem the waves.
 But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
 For, though before his face I speak the words,
 Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
 And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[Clifford groans and dies.]

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
 If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
 Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
 In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
 But set his murdering knife unto the root
 From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
 I mean our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
 Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
 Instead whereof, let this supply the room;
 Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
 That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
 Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
 And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Attendants bring the Body forward.]

War. I think his understanding is bereft:—
 Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
 Dark cloudy death o'erstudies his beams of life,
 And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O 'would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
 'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
 Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,
 Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

wont.

[Haru,

Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:—
I know by that, he's dead; And, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstanch'd thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation;
And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Educ. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be:
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—

Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster:—

And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of
Gloster's dukedom is too ominous. [Gloster;

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation;

Richard, be duke of Gloster: Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt.

ACT III.



SCENE I. A Chase in the North of ENGLAND.

Enter two Keepers, with Cross-bows in their Hands.

1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;

For through this laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 *Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:

And, for the time shall not seem tedious,

I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,

In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2 *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a Prayer-Book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,

To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;

Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,

Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:

1 Keep. Ay, here's a king;
This is the *quondam* king; let's seize up
K. Hen. Let me embrace these sour adversities;

For wise men say, it is the wisest course.
2 Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

1 Keep. Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.
K. Hen. My queen, and son, are gone to France for
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick [aid;

Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward: If this news be true,

Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.

By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;

Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,

To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:

She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.

She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;

That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
In ferreth arguments of mighty strength;

And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,

To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,

Art forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn. [queens:
2 Keep. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born [to:
At least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2 Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

2 Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;

Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,

Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd, content;

A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

2 Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,

Your crown content, and you, must be contented

To go along with us: for, as we think,

You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;

And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,

Will apprehend you as his enemy. [oath?

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an

2 Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?

2 Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;

My father, and my grandfather, were kings;

And you were sworn true subjects unto me:

And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

1 Keep. No;

For we were subjects, but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,

Commanded always by the greater gust!

Such is the lightness of you common men.

But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin

My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.

Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;

And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

1 Keep. We are true subjects to the king, king Ed-

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry, [ward.

If he were seated as king Edward is.

1 Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and in the
To go with us unto the officers. [king's.

SCENE II. LONDON. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and
LADY GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at St. Albans' field
This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit;
It were dishonour, to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. Yea! is it so? [Aside to Clar.]

I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. He knows the game; How true he keeps the
wind!

Glo. Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time, to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glo. [Aside] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all
[And] if what pleases him, shall pleasure you. [your lands,
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. [Aside.]

Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take vantages. [Aside.]

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow?
tell me.

Clar. I think he means to beg a child of her. [Aside.]

Glo. Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two.
[Aside.]

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they should lose their land.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it them.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[Gloster and Clarence retire to the other Side.]

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children.

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much, to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

Clar. As red as fire! nay then her wax must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely

L. Grey. I take my leave, with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curtsy.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why then, thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my For by that loss I will not purchase them. [dower;

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination,
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;

Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:

No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [Aside.

K. Edw. [Aside] Her looks do argue her replete with
Her words do show her wit incomparable; [modesty;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way, or other, she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—

Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a queen.

[lord:

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

[*Aside.*

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad. [had.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should marry

Clar. To whom, my lord? [her.

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands,

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—

*Widow, go you along;—*Lords, use her honourable.

[*Exeunt K. Edw. L. Grey, Cla. and Lord.*

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

*Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!*

I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.

O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:

And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;

To make an envious mountain on my back,

Where sits deformity to mock my body;

To shape my legs of an unequal size;

To disproportion me in every part,

Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,

That carries no impression like the dam.

And am I then a man to be belov'd?

O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!

Since this earth affords no joy to me,

But to command, to check, to o'erbear such

Are of better person than myself,

Make my heaven—to dream upon the crown;

[*Descending from his State.* *Q.*]

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindness, and unfeigned love,—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam, [*To Bona*] in our king's
I am commanded, with your leave and favour, [*behalf*],
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart:
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis,—and lady Bona,—hear me
Before you answer Warwick. His demand [*speak*],
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,—
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage,
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
War. Injurious Margaret!
Prince.

And why not queen?

Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy
Whom thou obey'dst thirty and six years, [liege,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside, [Oxford,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar. Heaven grant, that Warwick's words be-
witch him not!

[Retiring with the Prince and Oxford.

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy
conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath,
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

A. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:
Yet I confess, [To War.] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be
Edward's:

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd:—
Draw near, queen Margaret; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick? it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,—
As may appear by Edward's good success,—
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.

Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
Where, having nothing, nothing he can lose.
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,—
You have a father, able to maintain you;
And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.

madam, these

[To Mar]

I like it well

at her news,

Nay, my

settled:

all's for the

Warwick

fair queen

Mar. Mine,

Mine, fall of

Lo. What!

now, to sooth you

me a paper to

the alliance that

he presume to

Mar. I told you

proveh Edward

King Lewis

by the hope

I am clear

more my k

most kind

I forget,

father on

I let you

I impud

I put

Oxy. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were
nettled:

I hope, all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours,
fair queen? [joys.

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady
And now, to sooth your forgery and his, [Grey?

Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?

Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?

Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:

This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—

That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;

No more my king, for he dishonours me;

But most himself, if he could see his shame.—

Did I forget, that by the house of York

My father came untimely to his death?

Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?

Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put Henry from his native right;

That, if a few days
With some few days
I'll undertake to land thee.
And force the tyrant from his seat.
Tis not his new-made bride shall succor.

And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him;
For matchless more for wanton lost than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall poor Henry live,
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall despair?
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?
Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen's, are one.
War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Marga-
[ret's].
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:

Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal.
Bona. Tell him, In hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

100. Why stay
levied,
these, lord Bour
waft them over
till Edward fall
mocking marriage

101. I came from R
I return his sworn
tatter of marriage wa
dreadful war shall
and he none else to
none none but I sh
was the chief that
and I'll be chief
that I pity
Bona. I'll return

And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[He gives his Hand to Warwick.]

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be
levied,

And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[Exeunt all but Warwick.]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,

but I return his sworn and mortal foe:

Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,

But dreadful war shall answer his demand.

Had he none else to make a stale, but me?

Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.

I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,

And I'll be chief to bring him down again:

Not that I pity Henry's misery,

but seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

[Exit.]



SCENE I. LONDON. A Room in the Palace.

**der GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGU
and others.**

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think ye of this new marriage with the lady Grey?

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France:
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Into the brother of your loving bride;

lar." Or else you would not have bestowed a
the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
thou art malcontent? I will provide thee. [ment;
Mar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judg-
ment being shallow, you shall give me leave
to play the broker in mine own behalf;
and, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.
K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
and not be tied unto his brother's will.
Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
to raise my state to title of a queen,
to me but right, and you must all confess
that I was not ignoble of descent,
and meaner than myself have had like fortune.
It as this title honours me and mine,
by your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
to cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frown;
that danger, or what sorrow, can befall thee,
as long as Edward is thy constant friend,

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd : [words
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign ; they are so link'd in
friendship,

That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder ; Clarence will have the younger.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,

For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter :

That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage

may not prove inferior to yourself.—

You, that love me, and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.

GLO. Not I :

My thoughts aim at a further matter ; I

not for love of Edward, but the crown. [Aside.

Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to War-
wick, am I arm'd against the worst can happen ; [wick!
haste is needful in this desperate case.—

THIRD PART OF

Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed;
Myself in person will straight follow you.
[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*]

But, ere I go, Hastings,—and Montague,—
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends;
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.
Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!
Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?
Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.
K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour.
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Plain in WARWICKSHIRE.

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with FRENCH and
other Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come;
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends;
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. EDWARD'S Camp, near WARWICK.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the KING's Tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his
The king, by this, is set him down to sleep. [*stand;*

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to-bed?

1 *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.

2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent? [*friend.*

1 *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest

3 *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keepeth in the cold field? [*ous.*

2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more danger-

3 *Watch.* Ay; but give me worship and quietness,
I like it better than a dangerous honour.

m! Arm! War! ...
um beating and Trumpets sound
 Warwick and the rest, bringing the KING
 n, sitting in a Chair; GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly.
 [duke.
 What are they that fly there? [duke.
 Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted
 a call'dst me king! [last,

Ay, but the case is alter'd:
 I have disgrac'd me in my embassy,
 when I degraded you from being king,
 and come now to create you duke of York.
 alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
 that know not how to use ambassadors;
 Nor how to be contented with one wife;
 Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
 Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
 Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?
 K. Edw. Yea, brother of Edward needs must down.—

Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—
 Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
 Of thee thyself, and all thy complices;
 Edward will always bear himself as king,
 Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
 My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

SCENE IV. Lo:

Enter QUEEN

Madam, what

Eliz. Why, bre

What late misfortune

What, loss of

Eliz. No, but the

Then is my sove

Eliz. Ay, almost slain

betray'd by falseho

by his foe surpris'd at

as I further have to

now committed to the

Warwick's brother

Re. These news

gracious ma

Warwick may ha

Q. Eliz. Till th

and I the rather

Ury. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. LONDON. A Room in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward? [Riv. ?]

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against War-

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,

Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:

And, as I further have to understand,

Is now committed to the bishop of York,

Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief:

Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;

Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.

I'll rather wean me from despair,

Come therefore,
If Warwick take us, we are sure

SCENE V.

A Park near MIDDLEHAM CASTLE, in YORKSHIRE.
Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY,
and others.

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: You know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if, about this hour, he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD and a Huntsman.
Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

Young
Master
shaken Edw
tous'd my ca
fear to hope,
our eagerness
Subject
if an hunt
crave pa
A. Hen. For
be thou s
that it ma
such a ple
receive, wh
that, by
my quie
that, by
that, by

K. Edw. frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown.

SCENE VI. A Room in the Tower.

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, Young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,

My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieut. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereign;
But, if an humble prayer may prevail, [reigns;
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:

For such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—

But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly, therefore, I thank God, and thee;

living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
 that the people of this blessed land
 / not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;
 Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
 I'll resign my government to thee,
 if thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous
 and now may seem as wise as virtuous,
 spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
 for few men rightly temper with the stars:
 But in this one thing let me blame your grace,
 for choosing me, when Clarence is in place.
Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
 to whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
 did judge'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
 likely to be blest in peace, and war;
 And therefore I yield thee my free consent.
War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.
K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your
 hands;
 Now, join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts
 to the dissension hinder government:

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavory news: But how made he escape?

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard, duke of Gloster,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[Exeunt K. Hen. War. Clar. Lieut. and Attendants.]

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's:
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;
And we shall have more wars before't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy

And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright
By fair or foul means we must enter in, [us:
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
I shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

Mont. Brother, this
is a trusty friend, as

E. Edw. Welcome,

Mont. To help king

every loyal subject

K. Edw. Thanks, good

little to the crown:

in dukedom, till God

Mont. Then fare you

come to serve a king,

summer, strike up, a

K. Edw. Nay, not

what else must

Mont. What to

and

Re-enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be
But in the night, or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys; [shut,
[Takes the Keys.

For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY and Forces, marching.

Glo. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd. [arms?

K. Edw. Welcome, sir John! But why come you in
Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do. [forget

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now
Our title to the crown; and only claim

Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;

I came to serve a king, and not a duke,—

Drum. I come, strike up, and let us march away.

[A March begun.

K. Edw. Nay, stay, sir John, awhile; and we'll debate,

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,

rep them back that come to ~~subvert~~ ^{subvert};
should we fight, if you pretend no title? [~~poise~~ ^{poise}].
e. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice
. *Edw.* When we grow stronger, then we'll make
our claim :-

then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.
Ist. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.
Ho. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
other, we will proclaim you out of hand;
e bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
id Henry but usurps the diadem.
Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
id now will I be Edward's champion. [claim'd:—
Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here pro-
me, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Gives him a Paper. Flourish*
Sold. [*Reads*] *Edward the fourth, by the grace of God*
ing of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right
this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his Gauntlet*

My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true
hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord ;—and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus [*Kissing Henry's Hand*] I seal my
truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.
[*Exeunt War. Clar. Oxf. and Mont.*]

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
 Cousin of Exeter, what thanks your lordship?
 Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
 Should not be able to encounter mine.
 Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.
 K. Hen. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me
 fame.

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
 Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
 My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
 My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
 My mercy dried their water-flowing tears:
 I have not been desirous of their wealth,
 Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
 Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;
 Then why should they love Edward more than me?
 No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
 And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
 The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!
 Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him
 hence,

And once again proclaim us king of England.—
 You are the fount, that makes small brooks to flow.
 Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
 And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
 Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.
 [Exeunt some with King Henry.]

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
 Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
 The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
 Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.
 Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
 And take the great-grown traitor unawares:

Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
 [Exeunt]

SCENE I. COVENTRY.

Enter, upon the Walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others.

War. Where is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by the guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[Drum heard.]

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord: here Southam lies;

The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

ACT 5.

OSTER, and

and sound a parle.
ans the wall.

dward come?
hey seduc'd,

epair?
ope the city gates,

nd thy knee:—
ds beg mercy,

rages.
aw thy forces hence,
s'd thee down:—

enitent,
uke of York.
ld have said—the king!

his will?
a goodly gift?
poor earl to give;

d a gift.
e kingdom to thy brother.
e, if but by Warwick's gift.

or so great a weight:
kes his gift again;
arwick his subject.

- king is Edward's prisoner:
- for this,—

If not, the city being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with Drum and Colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[He and his Forces enter the City.]

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with Drum and Colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[He and his Forces enter the City.]

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with Drum and Colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love:—

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

[Taking the red Rose out of his Cap.]
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:

CT 5.

er,
Warwick,
al,

daughter.

ands,

; thee

oad),

ng me.

defy thee,

ng cheeks.—

amends;

my faults,

unconstant.

and ten times more bo-

v'd our hate. [lov'd,

this is brother-like.

and

Enter O

Ab, Warwick,

ht recover all

from France

to my foe.
ur to the axe's edge,
belter to the princely eagle,
the ramping lion slept;
ver-peer'd Jove's spreading tree,
s from winter's powerful wind.
are dimm'd with death's black veil,
ng as the mid-day sun,
treasons of the world:
brows, now fill'd with blood,
kingly sepulchres;
but I could dig his grave?
; when Warwick bent his brow?
near'd in dust and blood!
my manors that I had,
; and, of all my lands,
it my body's length;
rule, reign, but earth and dust?
can, yet die we must.

ORD and SOMERSET.

Warwick! what then shall I do?

with
upward
course,

What a show
 Warwick
 Montague
 slaughter'd
 Oxford
 Fru

Why, is not Oxford nere another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.

Swear, you can swim; alas, 'tis but awhile:

Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:

Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,

Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.

Thus speak I, lords, to let you understand,

In case some one of you would fly from us,

That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers.

More than with ruthless wayes, with sands, and rocks.

905378

Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward hear her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this, as doubting any here:
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid!
Let him depart, before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage!
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee; Long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford,
thanks. [else.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy,
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness. [ness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forward-

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

March. *Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny
wood,

Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
need not add more fuel to your fire,

SCENE

Edw. Now, let
me with Oxford
Somerset, off
bear them hence
For my part
Nor I, but

Q. Mar. So part
meet with joy in a
Edw. Is proclaimed
all have a high reward
It is: and, lo, we

Enter Soldiers.

K. Edw. Bring far
what! can so you
ward, what will
bearing arms
all the troops
Prince. Speak

But this:—Henry, your sovereign,
; foe; his state usurp'd,
gherhouse, his subjects slain,
ell'd, and his treasure spent;
; wolf, that makes this spoil.
ce: then, in God's name, lords,
ve signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both Armies.*]

Another Part of the same.

us: and afterwards a Retreat. Then
ARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and
TEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and
mers.

re a period of tumultuous broils.
o Hammes' castle straight;
th his guilty head.
; I will not hear them speak.
I'll not trouble thee with words.
op with patience to my fortune.
; Oxford and Somers.

And ne'er have stol'n the breach from Lancaster.

Prince. Let *Aesop* fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back
rather. [tongue.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:

Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,—

And thou mis-shapen Dick,—I tell ye all,

I am your better, traitors as ye are;—

And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here.

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
[Stabs him.

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[Glo. stabs him.

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!
[Clar. stabs him.

Glo. Marry, and shall. [Offers to kill her.

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too
much.

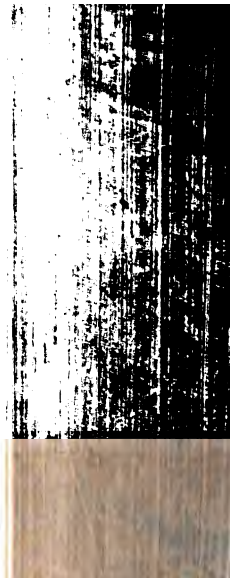
Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with
words? [recovery.

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother:

I'll hence to London on a serious matter:

If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
 He was a man; this, in respect, a child;
 And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
 What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
 No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:—
 And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
 Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
 How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
 You have no children, butchers! if you had,
 The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
 But, if you ever chance to have a child,
 Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
 As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince!
K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.
Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me
 here;
 Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
 What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.
Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.
Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do
 thou do it. [it?
Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do
Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;
 'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
 What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,
 Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
 Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;
 Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.
K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence!
Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince.
 [*Exit. led out forcibly.*



So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.—

But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
Murdering innocents be executing,
Thy, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst
presume,

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more ;—Die, prophet, in thy speech ;
[Stabs him]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O, God ! forgive my sins, and pardon thee ! [Dies.]

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground ? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death !

O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house !—

If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell ; and say—I sent thee thither,
[Stabs him again.]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—

And, 'tis true, that Henry told me of ;

For I have often heard my mother say,

I came into the world with my legs forward :

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,

And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right ?
The midwife wonder'd ; and the women cried,

ACT 5.

the dog.
ny body so,
nswer it.
ther :
eards call divine,
er,
e.—

ne from the light ;
thee :
pheoies,
f his life ;
'll be thy death.
his son, are gone ;
nd then the rest :
ll I be best.—
her room,
ry day of doom.

[Exit.

me. A Room in the Palace.
covered sitting on his Throne ;
with the infant PRINCE, CLAU-
DING, and others, near him.
we sit in England's royal throne
of enemies.
n's corn,
side?

and cried—all hail!—when as he meant—all *harm.* *astac.*

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom. [*France.*]

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Eacunt.*]

The three parts of King Henry VI. are suspected, by
Theobald, of being supposititious, and are declared,
Dr. Warburton, to be certainly not Shakspeare's.
Theobald's suspicion arises from some obsolete
words; but the phraseology is like the rest of our
author's style, and single words, of which however I
do not observe more than two, can conclude little.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colours are not equally pleasing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds.

Dissimilitude of style and heterogeneousness of sentiment, may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are Shakspeare's. These plays, considered without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived, and more accurately finished, than those of King John, Richard II. or the tragic scenes of King Henry IV. and V. If we take these plays from Shakspeare, to whom shall they be given? What author of that age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers?

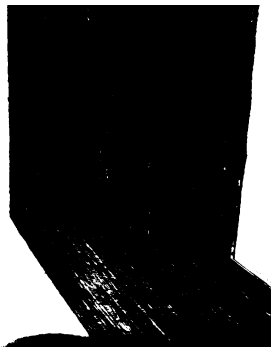
Of these three plays I think the second the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King Henry, and his queen, king Edward, the duke of Gloster, and the earl of Warwick, are very strongly and distinctly painted.

JOHNSON.



From the Chiswick Press.

1813.



King Edward the Fourth.
 Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V. } Sons to the King:
 Richard, Duke of York, }
 George, Duke of Clarence, } Brothers to the King.
 Richard, Duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III. }
 young Son of Clarence.
 Henry, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.
 Cardinal Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury.
 Thomas Rotherham, Archbishop of York.
 John Morton, Bishop of Ely.
 Duke of Buckingham.
 Duke of Norfolk: Earl of Surry, his Son.
 Earl Rivers, Brother to King Edward's Queen.
 Marquis of Dorset, and Lord Grey, her Sons.
 Earl of Oxford. Lord Hastings. Lord Stanley. Lord
 Lovel.
 Sir Thomas Vaughan. Sir Richard Ratcliff.
 Sir William Catesby. Sir James Tyrrel.
 Sir James Blount. Sir Walter Herbert.
 Lieutenant of the Tower.



*E I. LONDON. A Street.
Enter GLOSTER.*

*he winter of our discontent
mer by this sun of York
that lon'd ..*



And, if any
As I am subtle, false, and
This day should Clarence closely be mov'd
About a prophecy, which says—that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.
Brother, good day: What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?
Clar. Because my name is—George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you shall be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I protest,
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;

And my son
I tell you v
we will ke
be her m
he jealous
since that o
the mighty
Brak. I b
his majesty
that no ma
what de
Glo. Eve
you may p
he speak
I write a
well to
New
I d
11

and mistress Shore.

How ~~that~~ *was* an humble suppliant
Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so? an please your worship, Brakenbury,
I may partake of any thing we say:

He speak no treason, man;—We say, the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Is struck in years; fair, and not jealous:—
I say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A merry lip,
A pretty eye, a passing pleasing tongue;

I will deliver you, or else lie for you :
Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell.

[Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.]

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!

Well are you welcome to this open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must :
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

— much d
and leav
for then
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The read
is—to be
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As for an
By marry
But yet I
Clarence
When the

SCE

Enter the
an open
it; as
As
It be
W

And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live :
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in !
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter :
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father ?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is—to become her husband, and her father :
The which will I ; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market :
Clarence still breathes : Edward still lives, and reigns ;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. Another Street.*

Enter the Corpse of KING HENRY the Sixth, borne in an open Coffin ; Gentlemen bearing Halberds, to guard it ; and LADY ANNE, as Mourner.

Anse. Set down, set down your honourable load,—
Honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament

Pale ashes of ———
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal ———
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds
Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes :—
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
——— I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
——— with your holy lo

us not:

For thou hast made the happy earth thy bell,
Fill'd it with cursing ories, and deep exclams.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries:—
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,

Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,

By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,

For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance.

That never dreamt on aught but butchery—
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed! [too,
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

Anne. And thou, unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo.

I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method;—

Anne. His b

Glo. He live

Anne. Name

Glo.

Anne.

Glo. The self

Anne. Where

Glo. H

Anne. 'Woul

Glo. Never c

Anne. Never

Out of my sigh

Glo. Thine

Anne. We

Glo. I w

For now?

Those of

Glo. He that berent thee, lady, of my husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he? [spit at me?]

Glo. Here: [She spits at him] Why dost thou

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out Of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;

for now they kill me with a living death.

Anne. Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
And'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

... my warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death ;
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain : in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never su'd to friend, nor enemy ;
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word ;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
So ! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
Lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his Breast open ; she offers at it with

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place:
Where—after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart! and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel, and *Berkley*, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne.

'Tis more than you deserve:
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkley.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

'I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.

What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!

Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—

Tram'd in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—

Whom the spacious world cannot again afford:

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,

And made her widow to a woful bed?

Alas, whose all not equals Edward!

...and the accustomed health. [majesty
that you brook it ill, it makes him worse :
for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
his grace with quick and merry words.
If he were dead, what would betide of me ?
No other harm, but loss of such a lord.
The loss of such a lord includes all harms.
The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
your comforter, when he is gone.
Ah, he is young ; and his minority
Doth break the trust of Richard Gloster,
That loves not me, nor none of you.
It is concluded, he shall be protector ?
It is determin'd, not concluded yet :
Must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.
Come to the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.
Good time of day unto your royal grace !
I make your majesty joyful as you have been !
The countess Richmond, good my lord of
Stanley,

and Duke of Gloster and your brothers,
and between them and my lord chamberlain;
and sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Elis. 'Would all were well!—but that will never
[fear, our happiness is at the height. [be;—

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
I cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.

When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?

Of my long misings late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for—

Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows not so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that:

She may help you to many fair preferments;

And then deny her aiding hand therein,

And lay those honours on your high desert.

What may she not? She may!—ay, marry, may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,

A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:

I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne

Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:

By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,

Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.

I had rather be a country servant-maid,

Than a great queen, with this condition—

To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at:

Small joy have I in being England's queen.

R

What threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
will avouch, in presence of the king:
dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
and Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Grey,
Vere factious for the house of Lancaster;
And, Rivers, so were you:—Was not your husband
in Margaret's battle at St. Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
What I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—
And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,

Their kingdom's loss my worst banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt
If heaven have any grievous plague in store, [hear me.
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,

To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse ;

Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience. [mine.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you ! you have all mov'd

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught
your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects :

O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert :

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current :

O, that your young nobility could judge,

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable !

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them ;

And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry ;—learn it, learn it, marquis.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more : But I was born so high.

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee :
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house !
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog ;
Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death :
Have not to do with him, beware of him ;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him ;
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham ?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle
And sooth the devil that I warn thee from ? [counsel ?

*O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow ;
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And be to yours, and all of you to God's !* [Exit.

...not for any, to my knowledge.
t you have all the 'vantage of her wrong.
ot to do somebody good,
cold in thinking of it now.
for Clarence, he is well repaid ;
k'd up to fatting for his pains ;—
n them that are the cause thereof !
virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
r them that have done scath to us.
do I ever, being well advis'd ;—
curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [Aside.

Enter CATESBY.

Iadam, his majesty doth call for you,
ur grace,—and you, my noble lords. [me?
Catesby, I come :—Lords, will you go with
dam, we will attend upon your grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloster.*

o the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
mischiefs that I set abroad,
he grievous charge of others.
whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,—
o many simple gulls ;

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it nere about me.

[*Gives the Warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;

For Clarence is well-spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers! be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes
drop tears:

I like you, lads; about your business straight;
Go, go, despatch.

1 Murd. We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in the Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days:
So full of dismal terror was the time. [*tell me?*]

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you,

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk

Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes), reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul;
I pass'd, methought the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman, which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud.—*What scourge for perjury*

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good
rest! [*Clar. reposes himself on a Chair.*]
Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 Murd. Ho! who's here? [*thou hither?*]

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow? and how cam'st

1 Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came
hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2 Murd. O, sir, 'tis better to be brief than tedious:—

Let him see our commission; talk no more.

[*A Paper is delivered to Brak. who reads it.*]

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:
I will not reason what is meant hereby,

... a point of wisdom:
[Exit Brakenbury.
/hat, shall we stab him as he sleeps?
o; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly when

/hen he wakes! why, fool, he shall never
e great judgment day.
/hy, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleep-

he urging of that word, judgment, hath
f remorse in me.

/hat! art thou afraid?

ot to kill him, having a warrant for it;
n'd for killing him, from the which no
efend me.

hought thou hadst been resolute.

I am to let him live.

back to the duke of Gloster, and tell

I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this
mine will change; it was want to hold
e would tell twenty.

mutinies in a man's bosom; it was one run of good luck;
it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance
I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned
out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and
every man, that means to live well, endeavours to
trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, per-
suading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe
him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make
thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with
me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his
reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him over the costard with the hilts of
thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt,
in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine

own.

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you ?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord ; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,

To slay the innocent ? What is my offence ?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me ?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge ? or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death ?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me ;

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal ! the great King of kings

Hath in the table of his law commanded,

That thou shalt do no murder ; Wilt thou then

Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's ?

Take heed ; for he holds vengeance in his hand,

To hurl upon their heads that break his law. [thee,

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on

For false forswearing, and for murder too ;

Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight

In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,

Didst break that vow : and with thy treacherous blade.

lar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
n his brother, and I love him well.
on are hir'd for meed, go back again,
I will send you to my brother Gloster;
o shall reward you better for my life,
n Edward will for tidings of my death. [hates you.
Murd. You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster
lar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:
you to him from me.

oth Murd. Ay, so we will.
lar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
s'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
little thought of this divided friendship:
Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

Murd. Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.
lar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.
Murd. Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you de-
ceive yourself;

he that sends us to destroy you here.
lar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
he would labour my delivery.
urd. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
his earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.
d. Make peace with God, for you must die, my
lord.

framed
thine
me thou on
you would
giving pri
Murd. Look
Murd. Take

drown you in the

Murd. A blood
fain, like Pilate's
this most grievous

Re-enter

1 Murd. How now?
help'st me not?

heaven, the duke shall
2 Murd. I would he knew
ake thou the fee, and
or I repeat me that a duke

1 Murd. To do with
off, I'll go into the
till that the duke go
and when I have
For this will out,

ou.
ster

A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 Murd. Look behind you, my lord.

1 Murd. Take that, and that; if all this will not do,

[Stabs him.

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit with the body.

2 Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands

Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 Murd. How now? what mean'st thou, that thou
help'st me not?

By heaven, the dukes shall know how slack you have been.

2 Murd. I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;

For I repent me that the duke is slain.

[Exit.

1 Murd. So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,

Till that the duke give order for his burial:

And when I have my mood, I will away;

For this will out, and then I must not stay.

[Exit.



SCENE I. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD (*led in sick*), QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others.

K. Edw. Why so:—now have I done a good day's
You peers, continue this united league: [work;—
I every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at piece on earth.
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;
*Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.*

Hast. So

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—
Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine! [*marquis.*]

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord
Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*Embraces Dorset.*]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this
With thy embracements to my wife's allies, [*league*]
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace [*To the Queen*], but with all duteous
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me [*love*]
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am eold in love, to you, or yours.

[*Embracing Rivers, &c.*]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—
Of you, lord Rivers,—and, lord Grey, of you,—
That all without desert have frown'd on me;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter:—
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury, to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows nothe is dead? who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?

My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,

And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,

Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?

Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?

Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake

The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?

Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,

When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,

And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*

Who told me, when we both lay in the field,

Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me

Even in his garments; and did give himself,

All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath

Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my mind.

But, when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,

Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd

Now that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter the DUCHESS of YORK, with a Son and Daughter of CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

[*breast;*]

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your
And cry—*O Clarence, my unhappy son!*

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king, my uncle, is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

[*well:*]

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloucester

SCENE 2. KING RICHARD III.

And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek ;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gent
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, g

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, distractedly; Ri
DORSET following her.

Q. Elis. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail :
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude im

Q. Elis. To make an act of tragic violence
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches, when the root is go
Why wither not the leaves, that want their s
If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief ;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the ki
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, as much innocent have I in the

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Al. for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!
[gone.

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I:

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:

I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—

Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd,

That you take with unthankfulness his doing;

In common worldly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,

RATCLIFF, and others.

Glo. Sister, have comfort : all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace :—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee ; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

Glo. Amen ; and make me die a good old man !—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing ;
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out. [*Aside.*]

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love :
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept :
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king. [*Ingham?*]

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buck-

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd :
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course, as please himself,

determine
post to Ludlow.
you go
business?
gham and Gloster.
to the prince,
at home:

of,
from the prince.
consistory,
cousin,
ion.

not stay behind.
[Exeunt.]

ie. A Street.

, meeting.

ir: Whither away so fast?
ely know myself:

Yes; the king's dead.
eldom comes the better:
iddy world.

r Citizen.

eed!

live you good morrow, sir.
d good king Edward's death?
God help, the while!
God help, the world.

With touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster ;
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud :
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst ; all will be well.

3 Cit. When clouds are seen, wise men put on their
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ; [cloaks ;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth :

All may be well ; but, if God sort it so,

'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 Cit. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear :

You cannot reason almost with a man

That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 Cit. Before the days of change, still is it so :

By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust

Ensuing danger ; as, by proof, we see

The water swell before a boist'rous storm.

But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

2 Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 Cit. And so was I ; I'll bear you company. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, the young DUKE of
YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the DUCHESS of
YORK.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Strat-
And at Northampton they do rest to-night : [ford ;
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

my
owth.
ot have it so.
t is good to grow.
t did sit at supper,
grow
my uncle Gloster,
ls do grow apace:
grow so fast,
nd weeds make haste.
he saying did not hold
o thee:
hen he was young.

rely,
ould be gracious.
s, my gracious madam.
t let mothers doubt.
I had been remember'd,
grace a flout,
nan he touch'd mine.
k? I pr'ythee, let me hear
uncle grew so fast, [it.
t two hours old;
uld get a tooth.
een a biting jest.
York, who told thee this?

c. [born.
she was dead ere thou wast
I cannot tell who told me.
—Go to, you are too shrewd.
not angry with the child.

And now hath seiz'd the gentle mind ;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throne :—
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre !
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days !
How many of you have mine eyes beheld ?
My husband lost his life to get the crown ;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss :
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves ; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self 'gainst self :—O, preposterous
And frantic courage, end thy damned spleen :
Or let me die, to look on death no more !

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch.

My gracious lady, go.

[*To the Queen.*

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep ; And so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours !
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE 1. The same. A Street.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the PRINCE of WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign :
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit :

No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.

*Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous ;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :
God keep you from them, and from such false friends !*

Prince. God keep me from false friends ! but they
were none. [you.
Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet

The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers!—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny,—lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,

Too ceremonious, and traditional:

Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,

You break not sanctuary in seizing him.

The benefit thereof is always granted

To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,

And those who have the wit to claim the place:

This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;

But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for
Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy h
may. [*Exeunt Cardinal and I*]

Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal s
If I may counsel you, some day, or two,
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower :
Then where you please, and shall be thought :
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any pla
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reports
Successively from age to age he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not reg
the truth should live from age to

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:

Too late he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,

You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:

The prince, my brother, hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;

But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, then give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;

And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Mess. My lord, my lord,—

Hast. [*Within*] Who knocks?

Mess. One from lord

Hast. [*Within*] What is't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep the tedious ni

Mess. So it should seem by that I have to sa

First, he commends him to your noble lordship

Hast. And then,—

Mess. And then he sends you word, he drea
To-night the boar had razed off his helm:

Besides, he says, there are two councils held;

And that may be determin'd at the one,

Which may make you and him to rue at the ot

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pl

If, presently, you will take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the:

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord

Bid him not fear the separated councils:

never shall I part with
the garland of the realm.
the garland? dost thou mean the
d lord. [crown?
his crown of mine cut from my

own so foul misplac'd.
s that he doth aim at it?
ife; and hopes to find you forward
the gain thereof:
sends you this good news,—
r day, your enemies,
queen, must die at Pomfret.
am no mourner for that news;
een still my adversaries:
y voice on Richard's side,
heirs in true descent,
not do it, to the death.
your lordship in that gracious mind!

in your board;
so unprovided?
morrow; and good morrow,

y the holy rood,
ral councils, I
d my life as dear as yours;
I do protest,
to me than 'tis now:
know our state secure,
hant as I am?
at Pomfret, when they rode from

suppos'd their states were sure,
had no cause to mistrust;
ow soon the day o'ercast.
of rancour I misdoubt;
I prove a needless coward!
oward the Tower? the day is spent.
ome, have with you.--Wot you what,
d?
ds you talk of are beheaded.
for their truth, might better wear their

at have accus'd them, wear their hats.
y lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.
on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.
[Exeunt Stanley and Catesby
goes the world with thee?
ship please to ask.
now.

I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not.
[*Aside.*

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. POMFRET. *Before the Castle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, with a Guard, conducting RIVERS,
GREY, and VAUGHAN, to Execution.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day, shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Despatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret!

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon ~~us~~
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Hastings, then curs'd
Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Richard:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my sister, and her princely sons,—
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us
embrace:

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [

SCENE IV. LONDON. A Room in the Tower

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, the BISHOPS,
ELY, CATESBY, LOVEL, and others, sitting
at a Table: Officers of the Council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we
are assembled here, for the coronation:

my lord Hastings, and pronounce your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—

My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[Exit Ely.]

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[Takes him aside.]
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[Exit Gloucester and Buckingham.]
Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter BISHOP of ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent
For these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this
morning; .

There's ne'er a man in Christendom,
Hide his love, or hate, than he;
His face straight shall you know his heart.
That of his heart perceive you in his face,
His falsehood he show'd to-day?
Nay, that with no man here he is offended;
For he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
Conspire my death with devilish plots
And witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
My body with their hellish charms?
The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
I come most forward in this noble presence
Among the offenders: Whosoever they be,
My lord, they have deserved death.
Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Now I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
A blasted sapling, wither'd up:
This is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Condemn'd with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
For their witchcraft thus have marked me.
If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—
If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Cut off his head:—now, by saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—
And Catesby, look, that it be done;
I'll follow him, that love me, rise, and follow me.

Exeunt Council with Gloster and Buckingham.

As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cate. Despatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;
Make a short shift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. The same. The Tower Walls.

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty Armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;

se to entertain him.—Lord mayor,—
s draw-bridge there.

Hark, hark! a drum.
s'erlook the walls.
ayor, the reason we have sent for you,—
sk, defend thee, here are enemies.
sd our innocence defend and guard us!

And RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' Head.

ant, they are friends; Ratcliff and Lovel.
is the head of that ignoble traitor,
s and unsuspected Hastings.
ar I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
or the plainest harmless't creature,
d upon the earth a Christian;
y book, wherein my soul recorded
of all her secret thoughts:
e daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
parent open guilt omitted,—
conversation with Shore's wife,—
n all attainder of suspect.
all, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd trait'
/d.—Look you, my lord mayor,
imagine, or almost believe
, that by great preservation
ell it you), the subtle traitor
l plotted in the council-house,
se, and my good lord of Gloster?
at! had he so?
t! think you we are Turks, or infid'
ould against the form of law

That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak :
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend :
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit Lord Mayor.]

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown ; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust ;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without control, list'd to make his prey.

*Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :—
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father than he.*

Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother live

Buck. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the c
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to I
castle;

Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bish

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords

[*Exit Bu*

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor f
Go thou [*To Cat.*] to friar Penker;—bid the
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's-cast

[*Exeunt Lovel an*

Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of perso
Have, any time, recourse unto the princea.

SCENE VI. A Street.

And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France;
And his resemblance, being not like the duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—

Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew to an end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king!*

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.

Which, when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:

His answer was—the people were not us'd

To be spoke to, but by the recorder.

Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—

*Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.*

Richard !

I ;

hard :

[not speak?
; Would they
on, come?
and some fear ;

uit :

r hand,
d my lord ;
cant :

and take it.
for them,

se.

rd mayor knocks.
[Exit Gloster.

, and Citizens.

nce here ;

rithal.—

TESBY.

to my request?
; my noble lord,

y :

nd fathers,

but, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend, his grace should say us nay!

Buck. I fear, he will : Here Catesby comes again :

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before,
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him :
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love ;
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[Exit Catesby.]

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence ;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, in a Gallery above, between two

Bishops. CATESBY returns.

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergy-
men!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity :

And, see a book of prayer in his hand ;

True ornaments to know a holy man.—

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,

Lend favourable ear to our requests ;

And pardon us the interruption

Of thy devotion, and right Christian zeal.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasu

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth G
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offend
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;

And that you come to reprehend my ignoran

Buck. You have, my lord; Would it might
grace,

On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christi

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that y

The supreme seat, the throne majesticall,

The scepter'd office of your ancestors,

Your state of fortune, and your due of birth

The lineal glory of your royal house,

To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:

Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thou

(Which here we waken to our country's go

The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;

Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,

Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,

Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,

Definitively thus I answer you.

Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.

First, if all obstacles were out away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth ;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—

Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—

Than in my greatness covet to be hid,

And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.

But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me ;

(And much I need to help you, if need were) ;

The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,

Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,

Will well become the seat of majesty,

And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.

On him I lay what you would lay on me,

The right and fortune of his happy stars,—

Which, God defend, that I should wring from him !

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace ;

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,

All circumstances well considered.

You say, that Edward is your brother's son ;

So say we too, but not by Edward's wife :

For first he was contract to lady Lucy,

Your mother lives a witness to his vow ;

And afterwards by substitute betroth'd

To Bonn, sister to the king of France.

Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loath'd bigamy:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on

I am unfit for state and majesty:—

I do beseech you, take it not amiss;

I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again:—

[*To the Bishops.*

Farewell, good cousin;—farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE I. *Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS of YORK, and MARQUIS of DORSET; on the other, ANNE, DUCHESS of GLOSTER, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE's young Daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to græpe the tender prince.—
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, be your self.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on thy peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.
[Exit Brakenbury.]

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster.

[To the Duchess of Gloucester.]
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder!
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer:—Mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house.

O my accursed womb, the bed of death ;
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavowed eye is murderous !

Stan. Come, madam, come ; I in all haste was

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—

O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain !
Anointed let me be with deadly venom ;
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen !

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy ght
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No ! why ?—When he, that is my husbat
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse ;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—*Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,*
For making me, so young, so old a widow !
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed
And be thou wife (if any be so mad)

Du guide thee!— [To Dorset.
Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—

[To Anne.
Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!— [To Queen Elizabeth.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,

Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!

Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow

For tender princes, use my babies well!

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets. RICHARD, as King, upon his Throne; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:—

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—

Young Edward lives;—Think now what I would speak.
Buck. See on my loving lord

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness needs
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear
lord,

Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit Buck.*

Cate. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip. [*Aside.*

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,

[*Descends from his Throne.*

And unrespective boys: none are for me,

That look into me with considerate eyes;—

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—

Boy,——

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting
gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,

Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:

Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call him
hither, boy.— [*Exit Page.*

The deep-revolving, witty Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,

And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne, my queen, is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.—

[Exit Catesby.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain. But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name—Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:

Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come
hither, Tyrrel;

Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear:

[Whispers.]

There is no more but so:—Say, it is done,

to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by law
for which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she co
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just req

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixtl
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps——

Buck. My lord,——

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not
time,

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom

K. Rich. Richmond!—when last I was at Ex
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name, I
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I shall not live long after I saw Richmond.

ENE 3.

KING RICHARD III

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my
With such contempt? made I him kin
O, let me think on Hastings; and be
To Brecknock, while my fearful head

SCENE III. *The same*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act
The most arch deed of piteous massac
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did sub
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, blood
Melting with tenderness and mild con
Wept like two children, in their death
O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle

a time, but think how I may do thee good,
I be inheritor of thy desire.
swell, till then.

Myr. I humbly take my leave. [1]

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I penn'd up
as daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
the sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
and Anne, my wife, hath bid the world good night
now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
at young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
and, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
so her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord, —

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st
bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Rich-
mond and Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welsh
as in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me most
and his rash-levied strength

are in the way of mine enemies.
to watch the waning of mine enemies.
And will to France; hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS of YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woo-wearied tongue is still and mute,—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living
ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[Sitting down.]

reigns in
vomb let loose to
right, just, and true-disposing
do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
ys on the issue of his mother's body,
d makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!
Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
od witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
and now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabl'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves;
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Enstues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—

3
For happy wife,
For joyful mother,
For one being sad,
For queen, a very
For one that scorn'd
For one being fear'd
For one commanding
Thus hath the course
And left thee but a
Having no more but
To torture thee the
Thou didst usurp my
Usurp the just prop
Now thy proud
From which, or
And leave thee
Farewell, York
These English

Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art.

For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;

For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;

For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;

For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care :

For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;

For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;

For one commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,

And left thee but a very prey to time ;

Having no more but thought of what thou wert,

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

Thou didst usurp my place, And dost thou not

Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?

Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke ;

From which, even here, I slip my wearied head,

And leave the burden of it all on thee.

How well, York's wife,—and queen of sad mischance,—

These English woes shall make me smile in France.

like mine.

[Exit Queen Margaret.]

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,

Airy succeeders of intestate joys,

Poor breathing orators of miseries!

Let them have scope: though what they do impart

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother

My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[Drum within.]

I hear his drum,—be copious in exclams.

Enter KING RICHARD and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,

By strangling thee in her accursed womb,

From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,

The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,

And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?

Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother

Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

the impart
heart.
go with me,

er'd.
within.

Rich. Let me speak.

Duch. Do, then; but I'll not hear.
K. Rich. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred;
What comfortable hour caus't thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that
call'd your grace
To breakfast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I prythee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word,
For I shall never speak to thee again.

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perisb,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less
to curse

Abides in me; I say amen to her.

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word with

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queen
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabel
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

O. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction :

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,

And dangerous success of bloody wars,

As I intend more good to you and yours,

Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd !

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of
heaven,

To be discover'd, that can do me good ?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle
lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their
heads ?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,

The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it ;

Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,

king?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen: Who else should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. Even so: What think you of it, madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,
Edward and York; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood.—

A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.

If this inducement move her not to love,

Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;

Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,

Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,

Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way

To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz.

There is no other way;

the kingdom from your sons,
ends, I'll give it to your daughter.
'd the issue of your womb,
your increase, I will beget
your blood upon your daughter.
name is little less in love,
oting title of a mother ;
children, but one step below,
mettle, of your very blood ;
n,—save for a night of groans
r, for whom you bid like sorrow.
were vexation to your youth,
I be a comfort to your age.
have, is but—a son being king,
oss, your daughter is made queen.
you what amends I would,
pt such kindness as I can.
on, that, with a fearful soul,
nted steps in foreign soil

Put in her tender heart the aspiring name
Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this!

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still
war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may co-
entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king
forbids.

Q. Rich. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.

Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;

Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;

Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory:

If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,—

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misus'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by God,—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,

The unity, the king, thy brother, made,

Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,

The imperial metal, circling now thy head,

Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;

And both the princes had been breathing here,

Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,

Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.

I tempt
In her consists follows
Without her, land, and many a
Herself, desolation, ruin, and decay:
Death, desolation, but by this;
It cannot be avoided, but by this.
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother (I must call you so),
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?
K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.
Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong
yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.
K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly.
And you shall understand from me her mind.
K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.
[Kissing her. Exit Q. Eliz.]

Relenting fool, and shallow,
How now? what news?

Why

Cate.

What fr
K. R.

The G

And

Ca

R

K

Through many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back :
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral ;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of
Norfolk :—

Ratcliff, thyself,—or *Catesby* ; where is he ?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. *Catesby*, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. *Ratcliff*, come hither : Post to Salisbury ;
When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful villain,

[*To Catesby.*

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness'
pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good *Catesby* ;—Bid him levy
straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [Exit.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury ?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before
I go ?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what
news with you ?

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas his grave;
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive, but we?

And who is England's king, but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north

What do they in the north?

by friends am well advertised,
Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
and many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms
and every hour more competitors
add to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3 Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs
of death? *[He strikes him]*

ere, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty,
—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
and he himself wander'd away alone,
no man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy:

ere is my purse to cure that blow of thine.

—my advised friend proclaim'd

here,
royal battle might be won and lost :—
some one take order, Buckingham be brought
to Salisbury ;—the rest march on with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. A Room in LORD STANLEY'S House.

Enter STANLEY and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Sten. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :—
that in the sty of this most bloody boar,
my son, George Stanley, is frank'd up in hold ;
I revolt, off goes young George's head ;
my fear of that withholds my present aid.

St. tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Sten. What men of name resort to him ?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;

my Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley ;

my Lord Pembroke, sir James Blunt,

my Lord Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;

and many other of great fame and worth ;

and towards London do they bend their course,

by the way they be not fought withal.

Sten. Well, bid thee to thy lord ; commend me to him ;

bid him, the queen hath heartily consented

that his espouse Elizabeth her daughter.

Letters will resolve him of my mind.

St. [Gives Papers to Sir Christopher.

[Exeunt.]

SCEN

Enter the Sher

Buck. Will

Sheriff. No.

Buck. Hastin

Grey,

Holy king Henry

Vaughan, and all

By underhand corre

If that your mood

Do through the ch

Even for revenge

This is all

Sheriff. I

Buck. W

do

This is the

me:—
Wales
SCENE I. SALISBURY. *An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to Execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him?

Sheriff. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,

Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,

Vanhan, and all that have miscarried

By underhand corrupted foul injustice;

If that your moody discontented souls

Do through the clouds behold this present hour,

Even for revenge mock my destruction!—

This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sheriff. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.

This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,

near TAMWORTH

WALTER HERBERT, and
WALTER HERBERT, and
chasing.

, and my most loving friends,
oke of tyranny,
of the land
hout impediment;
om our father Stanley
nd encouragement.
, and usurping boar,
mer fields, and fruitful vines,
lood like wash, and makes his

bosoms, this foul swine
e centre of this isle,
Leicester, as we learn:
ther, is but one day's march.
erly on, courageous friends,
of perpetual peace
trial of sharp war.

Nor.

K. Rich.

Nor. We

K. Rich.

But where, to-morrow
Who hath descried

Nor. Six or seven

K. Rich. Why, our

Besides, the king's men

Which they upon the

Up with the tent.—Come

Let us survey the vantage

Call for some men of

Let's want no flatterers

For, lords, to-morrow

in his dearest need, will fly from him.
Rich. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name,
march:
hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
as it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Bosworth Field.

*Enter KING RICHARD and Forces; the DUKE of
NORFOLK, EARL of SURRY, and others.*

Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth
field.—

Earl of Surry, why look you so sad?

Surry. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—

Here, most gracious liege.

Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; Ha! must
we not?

We must both give and take, my loving lord.

Rich. Up with my tent: Here—

KING RICHARD III.

Enter, on the other side of the Field, RICHMOND, SIR
WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other Lords.
Some of the Soldiers pitch RICHMOND'S Tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper in my tent;—
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My lord of Oxford,—you, sir William Brandon,—
And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;—
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent;—
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done),
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.
Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.
Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!
Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come,
gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
Into my tent, the air is raw and cold.
[They withdraw into the Tent.]

Enter, to his Tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, &
RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?
Cate. It's supper-time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.

To
Room
Into
Fill

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Lool
Rat
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K

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N

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—

Give me some ink and paper.—

What, is my beaver easier than it was?—

And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord.

[Exit.

K. Rich. Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch:—

[To Catesby.

Saddle white Surry for the field to-morrow.—

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surry, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
So, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[King Richard retires into his Tent. Exit

Ratcliff and Catesby.

RICHMOND'S *Tent opens, and discovers him and Officers, &c.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort, that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may (that which I would, I cannot),
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell: The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen

[*Exeunt Lords, &c. with*

*O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of war
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!*

As thy ministers of chastisement,
We may praise thee in thy victory!
See I do commend my watchful soul,
I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*
The Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, Son to HENRY VI.,
rises between the two Tents.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To King Richard.*
Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury; Despair therefore, and die!—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of KING HENRY VI. rises.
Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[*To King Richard.*
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower, and me; Despair, and die;
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die!—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!

[*To Richmond.*
Harry, that prophecy'd thou should'st be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; Live, and flourish!
The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To King Richard.*
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

[*To Richmond.*
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!
The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, rise.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
[*To King Richard.*
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

All. Awake, bosom
Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day.

The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.
Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;
[To King Richard.

And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—
Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
[To Richmond.

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!
The Ghosts of the two young PRINCES rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower;
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of QUEEN ANNE rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow, in the battle, think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—
Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
[To Richmond.

Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the crown;
[To King Richard.

K. Ric

Have me
O coward
The light
Cold fear
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Richar
Is there
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Lest I
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last was I, that felt thy tyranny;
in the battle think on Buckingham,
and die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—
I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:

[To Richmond.

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out
of his Dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my
wounds,—

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am:
Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: Why?
Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul will pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.

Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream
What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich.

Ratcliff, I fear, I fear

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exit King Richard and Ratcliff.]

RICHMOND wakes. Enter OXFORD and others

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dream
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,

Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!

I promise you, my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give battle.

[He advances to the

than I have said, loving countrymen,
 measure and enforcement of the time
 bids to dwell on: Yet remember this,—
 and our good cause, fight upon our side;
 the prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
 like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces:
 Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
 Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
 For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
 A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
 One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
 One that made means to come by what he hath,
 And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him:
 A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
 Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
 One that hath ever been God's enemy:
 Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
 God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers:
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
 If you do fight against your country's foes,
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your children's children quit it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords;
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
 God, and saint George! Richmond, and victory!

(Exeunt.)

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, and
 Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching
 Richmond?

He was never
He said the truth:—

men?
e smil'd and said, the better for our pur;
h. He was i'the right; and so, indeed, it is.
[Clock strikes.

clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
w the sun to-day?

Not I, my lord.
ould have brav'd the east an hour ago:
ack day will it be to somebody.—

Rich. Then he disdains to shine;
cliff,—
K. Rich. My lord?

The sun will not be seen to-day;
e sky doth frown and lower upon our army.
would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
ot shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.
m, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.
attle, bustle;—Caparison my
power:—

he field.
ison my

er side

'st thou,

Scroll

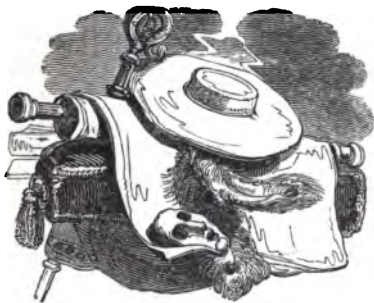
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;
Lash hence these over-weaning rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves :
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Breagnes; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

(Drum afar off.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!—

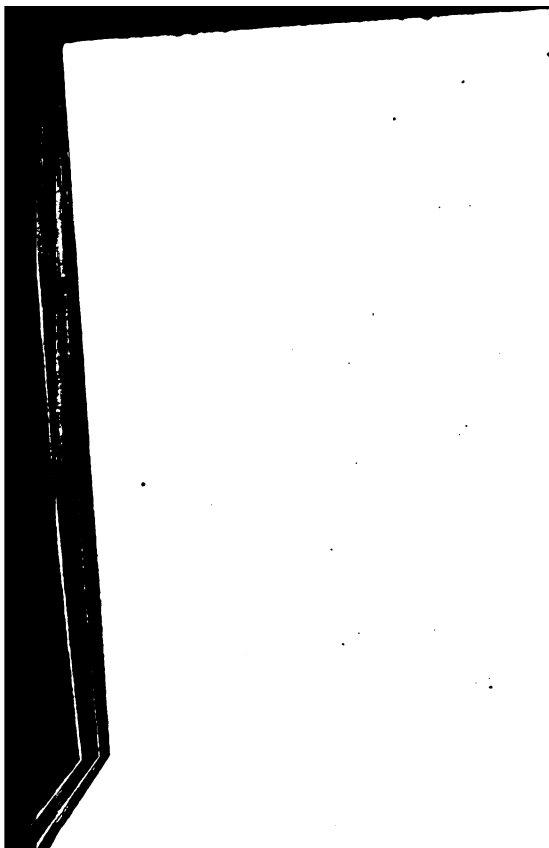
C. Whittingham Printer, Chiswick.

KING HENRY VIII.



From the Chiswick Press.

1813.



*Lord Chamberlain. Lord Chancellor.
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln. Lord Abergavenny. Lord Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford. Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny. Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey.
Griffith, Gentleman Usher to Queen Katharine.
Three other Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.
Garter, King at Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, and a Sergeant at Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his
Man.*

Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

*Queen Katharine, Wife to King Henry; afterwards
divorced.*

Anne Bullen, her Maid of Honour; afterwards Queen.

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

Patience, Woman to Queen Katharine.

*Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb Shows; Women
attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to
her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.*

*SCENE, chiefly in London and Westminster; once
at Kimbolton.*

PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh; things ne
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
 Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
 We now present. Those that can pity, here
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
 The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
 Their money out of hope they may believe,
 May here find truth too. Those, that come to
 Only a show or two, and so agree,
 The play may pass; if they be still, and willing
 I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
 Richly in two short hours. Only they,
 That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
 A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
 In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
 Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring

SCENE I. LONDON. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the DUKE of NORFOLK, at one Door; at the other, the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, and the LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. **G**OOD morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace :
Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. Twixt Guynes and Arde :
*I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together ;*

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT 1.

Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
weigh'd.

Such a compounded one?

All the whole time

Buck.

I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor.

The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's: To-day, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
As presence did present them: him in eye,
Still him in praise: and being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discernor
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they phrase them), by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck.

Who did guide,

er
e suns
alleng'd
us story,

oyal;

A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber.

I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck.

Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privy o'the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers.

Aber.

I do know

Kinsmen of mine, three at wo
By this so sicken'd their estates, that
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd: and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded .
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety), that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that

What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge; it's long, and, it may be said,
Reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Hither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel.

Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor.

What are you chaf'd?

Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck.

I read in his looks

Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: He's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor.

Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck.

I'll to the king:

And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor.

Be advis'd:

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck.

Sir,

I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions), by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor.

Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as
strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally),
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i'the rinsing.

Nor.

Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
The articles o'the combination drew, [cardinal
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows

as I take it, is a kind of puppy
 (dam, treason).—Charles the emperor,
 sentence to see the queen his aunt
 as, indeed, his colour; but he came
 asper Wolsey), here makes visitation:
 wars were, that the interview, betwixt
 and and France, might, through their amity,
 and him some prejudice; for from this league
 deep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
 Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
 Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
 Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,
 Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
 And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
 That he would please to alter the king's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know
 (As soon he shall by me), that thus the cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor.

I am sorry

To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
 Something mistaken in't.

Buck.

No, not a syllable;

I do pronounce him in that very shape,
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant at Arms before him, and
 two or three of the Guards.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg.

Sir,

My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
 Of our most sovereign king.

Buck.

Lo you, my lord,

The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
 Under device and practice.

Bran.

I am sorry

To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
 The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure
 You shall to the Tower.

I will help me nothing,
mine innocence; for that die is on me,
akes my whitest part black. The will of
heaven
in this and all things!—I obey.—
d Abergavenny, fare you well.

Nay, he must bear you company:—The king

[To Abergavenny.

d, you shall to the Tower, till you know
determines further.

As the duke said,
ll of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
obey'd.

n. Here is a warrant from
ing, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
e duke's confessor, John de la Court,
Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

ck. So, so;
e are the limbs of the plot: no more, I hope.

an. A monk o'the Chartreux.

ck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

an. He.

ck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:
the shadow of poor Buckingham;
se figure even this instant cloud puts on,
ark'ning my clear sun. My lord, farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Council-chamber.

ts. Enter KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY,
Lords of the Council, SIR THOMAS LOVELL,
icers, and Attendants. The KING enters, leaning
the CARDINAL'S Shoulder.

Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
s you for this great care: I stood i'the level
ill charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
ntleman of Buckingham's: in person
him his confessions justify;

... rises up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

h. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor
i. Arise, and take place by us:—Half your suit
me to us; you have half our power:
r moiety, ere you ask, is given;
our will, and take it.

h. Thank your majesty.

would love yourself; and, in that love,
nsider'd leave your honour, nor
ity of your office, is the point
tition.

i. Lady mine, proceed.

i. I am solicited, not by a few,
of true condition, that your subjects
at grievance: there have been commissions
among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
ir loyalties:—wherein, although,
lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
rly on you, as putter-on

pesun
ack is sacrifice to
are devis'd by you; or else you
hard an exclamation.

Hen.

nature of it? In what kind,
his exaction?

Still exaction!
hard, let's know,

I am much too venturous
but am bolden'd
tempting of your patience; The subject's grief
nder your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

K. Hen.

This is against our pleasure.

By my life,

Things done will
Are to be fear'd.
Of this commis
We must not read
And stick them in
A trembling contr
From every tree, A
And, though we le
The air will drink
Where this is que
Free pardon to
The force of th
I put it to you
Vol.

Let there be
Of the king

Wol.

And for me,

have no further gone in this, than by
single voice; and that not pass'd me, but

By learned approbation of the judges.

If I am traduc'd by tongues, which neither know

My faculties, nor person, yet will be

The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,

'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake

That virtue must go through. We must not stint

Our necessary actions; in the fear

To cope malicious censurers; which ever,

As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow

That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further

Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,

By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is

Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,

Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up

For our best act. If we shall stand still,

In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,

We should take root here where we sit, or sit

State statues only.

K. Hen.

Things done well,

And with a care exempt themselves from fear:

some
not

Almost with ravish'd list'ning, once
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust), of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen.

Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberg'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol.

Please your highness, not

This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on :
How grounded be his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Low. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies:
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow. [ing

Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad they're go-
(For, sure, there's no converting of them); now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Low. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.

SCENE I

Hautboys.

DINAL,

Door, A:

Gentle

HENRY

Guild. I

Salutes ye

To fair con

In all this

One care

As first-go

Can mak

E

*The
Ch*

Cham. O, 'tis true :

This night he makes a supper, and a great one,

To many lords and ladies ; there will be

The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble ;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal ; in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine :

Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so ;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;
Your lordship shall along :—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else : which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The Presence-chamber in YORK-PLACE.*

Hautboys. A small Table under a State for the CARDINAL, a longer Table for the Guests. Enter at one Door, ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as Guests ; at another Door, enter SIR HENRY GUILFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all : This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you : none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad ; he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy ;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, and Sir

ween these ladies.

By my faith, [ladies :
our lord lordship.—By your leave, sweet
elf between Anne Bullen and another Lady.
o talk a little wild, forgive me ;
my father.

Was he mad, sir ?
very mad, exceeding mad ; in love too :
I bite none ; just as I do now,
as you twenty with a breath. [Kisses her.

Well said, my lord.—
are fairly seated :—Gentlemen,
lies on you, if these fair ladies
owning.

For my little cure,

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, attended ; and
takes his State.

are welcome, my fair guests ; that noble
that is not freely merry, [lady.
nd : This, to confirm my welcome ;
good health. [Drinks.

Cham. I

Wol.
And to what
By all the law

Cham. How
Serv.
For so they see
And hither mad
From foreign ;

Wol.
Go, give the
town

And, pray,
Into our
Shall shine

SCENE 4. KING HENRY VIII.

23

Sands. Your grace is noble :—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you : cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry ;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship ; and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and Trumpets within : Chambers
discharged.*]

Wol. What's that ?

Cham. Look out there, some of you.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Wol.

What would he mean ?

Have leave to view these pictures, —
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay
them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.
[*Ladies chosen for the Dance. The King
chooses Anne Bullen.*]

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [Music. Dance.]

Wol. My lord, —

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty,
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Cham. goes to the Company, and returns.*]
Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
out, and he will take it.

I like you.

Leo.

Wol.

I fear, with a

K. Hen. I

Wol.

In the next of

K. Hen. I

part

I must not yet

Good my lord

To drink to

To lead them

Who's best

I am glad
is grown so pleasant.

My lord chamberlain,
come hither: What fair lady's that?
n't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,
at Rochford, one of her highness' women.
By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,
anxiously, to take you out,
kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,
and.

Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
chamber?

Yes, my lord.

Your grace,
dancing is a little heated.
fear, too much.

There's fresher air, my lord,
chamber.

ACT II.



SCENE I. A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. Whither away so fast? O, God save you!
2 Gent. Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 Gent. That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner. I'll save you
Were you there?

2 Gent. Yes, indeed, was I. Pray, speak, what has happened?
1 Gent. You may guess quickly what. Is he found guilty?
2 Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.

1 Gent. I am sorry for't. So are a number more.
2 Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?
1 Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,

Of drive
To him brow
At which appear
Sir Gilbert Peck
Confessor to his
Hopkins, that
2 Gent.
That sed him
1 Gent.
All these ac
Would hav
And so hi
Have for
He spol
Was c
2 G
1 G
His
Wi
An
B
I

...with voice, to his face :
He appear'd against him, his surveyor ;
Robert Peck his chancellor ; and John Co
essor to him ; with that devil-monk,
Pkins, that made this mischief.

3 Gent. That was he
that fed him with his prophecies ?

1 Gent. The same.
He these accus'd him strongly ; which he fain
would have flung from him, but, indeed, he coul
nd so his peers, upon this evidence,
lave found him guilty of high treason. Much
he spoke, and learnedly, for life : but all
as either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself
1 Gent. When he was brought again to the bar,—
s knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
ith such an agony, he sweat extremely,
d something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :
he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
ill the rest show'd a most noble patience.

Gent. I do not think, he fears death.

doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
generally; whoever the king favours,
cardinal instantly will find employment,
and far enough from court too.

1 Gent. All the commons
ate him perniciously, and, o'my conscience,
fish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
they love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
the mirror of all courtesy;—

1 Gent. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his Arraignment; Tipstaves
before him, the Axe with the Edge towards him; Hal-
berds on each side: with him SIR THOMAS LOVELL,
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS, and
common People.*

2 Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I hear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice;
But those, that sought it, I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,

ayers one sweet sacrifice,
 A to heaven.—Lead on, o'God's name.
 Asceech your grace, for charity,

My malice in your heart

Against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,

would be forgiven: I forgive all;

Cannot be those numberless offences

Against me, I can't take peace with: no black envy

Shall make my grave.—Commend me to his grace;

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,

You met him half in heaven: My vows and prayers

Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,

Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live

Longer than I have time to tell his years!

Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!

And, when old time shall lead him to his end,

Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;

Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,

Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux.

Prepare there,

The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;

And fit it with such furniture, as suits

The greatness of his person.

Buck.

Nay, sir Nicholas,

Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.

When I came hither, I was lord high constable,

And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,

That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;

And with that blood will make them one day groan for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,

Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,

Flying for succour to his servant Banister,

Being distress'd was by that wretch betray'd,

And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!

Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying

My father's loss, like a most royal prince,

Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins.

Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
 Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,
 And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father:
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
 A most unnatural and faithless service!
 Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain:
 Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
 Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour,
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.
 Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!

[Exeunt Buckingham and Train.]

1 Gent. O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,
 That were the authors.

2 Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this.

1 Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
 Where may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
 A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gent. Let me have it;
 I do not talk much.

2 Gent. I am confident;
 You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear
 A buzzing, of a separation
 Between the king and Katharine?

But that slander, sir,
is a truth now: for it grows again
than e'er it was; and held for certain,
asking will venture at it. Either the cardina
some about him near, have, out of malice
the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
that will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
as all think, for this business.

1 Gent.

'Tis the cardinal;
and merely to revenge him on the emperor,
or not bestowing on him, at his asking,
the archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd. [en
1 Gent. I think, you have hit the mark: But is't
it she should feel the smart of this? The cardina
ll have his will, and she must fall.
Gent.

are too open here to argue this; 'Tis woful.
I think in private more.

[Exeu.

SCENE II. An Antechamber in the Palace.
Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading
m. Mu lard

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suff. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor.

What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suff.

No, his conscience

Has crept too near another lady.

Nor.

'Tis so;

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:

That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,

Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suff. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!

And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,

He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters

Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,

Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:

And, out of all these to restore the king,

He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,

That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years

About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;

Of her, that loves him with that excellence

That angels love good men with; even of her

That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,

Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most
true,

These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,

And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare

Look into these affairs, see this main end,—

The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon

This bold bad man.

Suff.

And free us from his slavery

Nor. We had need pray,

And heartily, for our deliverance;

Or this imperious man will work us all

From princes into pages: all men's honours

YOU'LL find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your lordships.

Nor.

Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

NORFOLK opens a Folding-door. The KING is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.

Suff. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there? ha?

Nor.

'Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust
Into my private meditations. [yourselves
Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen.

You are too bold:

Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?—

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal!—O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,
[To Campeius.]

KING
most learned reverend sir, into
use us, and it:—My good lord, have
be not found a talker. Sir, you cannot.
Wol. I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference. We are busy; go.
K. Hen. This priest has no pride in him?
Suff. [To Norfolk and Suffolk.]
Nor. But this cannot continue. If it do,
Suff. I venture one heave at him. I another.

[Exit Norfolk and Suffolk.]
Nor. I'll venture one heave at him. If it do,
Suff. I venture one heave at him. I another.
Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices; Rome, the nurse
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, in mine arms, I bid him welcome.
K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms, I bid him welcome.
And thank me such a man I would have wish'd for.
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.
Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble: To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue
(The court of Rome commanding),—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
In the impartial judging of this business. [Quits]
K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be
Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gardiner?

I find me
Re-
Wol. Give
You are the
Gard.
For ever b
K. Hen
Cam.
In this
Wo
Ca
W
C
Br

I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
 in heart, not to deny her that
 in of less place might ask by law,
 hers, allow'd freely to argue for her. [favour
Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my
 him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
 thythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
 find him a fit fellow. [Exit *Wolsey*.

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
 You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
 For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. [Aside.

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[*They converse apart.*

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
 In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
 Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him;
 And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
 Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,
 That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
 That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers,
 There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
 For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
 If I command him, follows my appointment;
 I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
 We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
 [Exit *Gardiner*.

The most convenient place that I can think of,
 For such receipt of learning, is Blackfriars;
 There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—

KING HENRY VIII.
y Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
so sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [Exitunt.]

SCENE III.

An Antechamber in the QUEEN's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang that
pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with her: and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—O now, after
She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's serving.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth, and maid
I would not be a queen. Beshrew me, I w

Old L.

...so say'st thou, are blessings: and
leaving your mincing) the capacity
of your soft cheveril conscience would re-
sist if you might please to stretch it.

Anne.

Nay, g

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You wot
queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under he

Old L. 'Tis strange; a threepence bowed

Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you lim
To bear that load of title?

Anne.

No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your b
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne.

How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L.

In faith, ~~...~~

Are not
More worth than
Are all I can return.
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his Lady,
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.
Cham.
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well; [Aside.]

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle? I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.
Anne.

My honour'd lord.

[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court
(Am yet a courtier beggarly), nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh fish here, (he, he upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up:
Before you open it.

Anne.

Old L. How tastes it? This is strange to me.
is it bitter? forty pence,

...mark. The marchioness of
thousand pounds a year! for pure respect
to other obligation: By my life,
that promises more thousands: Honour's
no longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess;—
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne.

God
Make yourself mirth with your particular favour
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no beauty
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.
Old L.

What do you think?

SCENE IV.. A Hall in BLACKFRIARS
*Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets. Enter two
with short Silver Wands; next them, two in
the Habits of Doctors; after them, two Sc
of CANTEBURY*

KING HENRY VIII.

Judges. The QUEEN takes Place, at some
from the K. NG. The Bishops place themselves on each
side th. Court, in manner of a Consistory; between
them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops.
The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in
convenient order about the Stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded. What's the need?

K. Hen. It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd:
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Scribe. Say, Henry, king of England, come into
Crier. Henry, king of England, &c. [court.]
K. Hen. Here. Be't so :—Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Katharine, queen of England, come into
Crier. Katharine, queen of England, &c. [court.]

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her Chair,
goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels;
at his Feet; then speaks.]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger here,
Born out of your dominions; having no
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable,
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire, Or which of your friend
Or made it not mine too? Or which I knew
Have I not strove to love, although I knew

That I had
Upward of tv
With many
And prove
And prove
My bond t
Against y
Turn me
Shut doe
To the r
The kin
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And v
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... twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report
And prove it too, against mine honour and
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by us
A year before: It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore: if not, in the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT 2.

Lord cardinal,—

Q. Kath.

To you I speak.

Your pleasure, madam?

Sir,

Wol.

Q. Kath.
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen (or long have dream'd so), certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol.

Be patient yet.

Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol.

I do profess

You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
Or any: how far I have proceeded
—hell, is warranted history, — — — — —

and humility: but your head
fram'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride
you have, by fortune, and his highness' favour
done slightly o'er low steps; and now are men
Where powers are your retainers: and your
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She courtesies to the King, and offers to*

Cam.

The queen is obstinate
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Misdainful to be tried by it; 'tis not well.
He's going away.

K. Hen.

Call her again.

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, come

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back. [*Exe.*

Q. Kath. What need you say more?

KING
 Obeying in commanding,—and by
 Sovereign and pious else, could speak the
 The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born,
 And, like her true nobility, she has
 Carried herself towards me.

Wol.
 In humblest manner I require your highness,
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
 Of all these ears (for where I am robb'd and bound,
 There must I be unloos'd; although not there
 At once and fully satisfied), whether ever I
 Did broach this business to your highness; or
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might
 Induce you,—but with thanks to God for such
 Have to you,—spake one the least word, might
 A royal lady,—spoke one the least word, might
 Be to the prejudice of her present state,
 Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen.
 I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
 I free you from't. You are not to be taught
 That you have many enemies, that know not
 Bark when their fellows do: by some of these

Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
 The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
 But will you be more justified? you ever
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never,
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd; oft
 The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
 I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—
 I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
 Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give
 heed to't:—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
 By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador
 Who had been hither sent on the debating
 A marriage, 'twixt the dukedom of Orleans and
 Our daughter Mary: 't the progress of this busi-

Sometimes
 The bosom of n
 Yea, with a spl
 The region of
 That many ma
 And press'd i
 I stood not i
 Commanded
 If not conc
 Do no mor
 The grave
 Or died w
 This wor
 This wa
 Well w
 Be gla
 I weigh
 By th
 Man
 The
 Ton
 No
 I

nate resolution, he
 bishop) did require a respite;
 might the king his lord advertise
 ur daughter were legitimate,
 this our marriage with the dowager,
 our brother's wife. This respite shook
 of my conscience, enter'd me,
 splitting power, and made to tremble
 of my breast; which forc'd such way,
 maz'd considerings did throng,
 I in with this caution. First, methought,
 in the smile of heaven; who had
 d nature, that my lady's womb,
 eiv'd a male child by me, should
 e offices of life to't, than
 does to the dead: for her male issue
 ere they were made, or shortly after
 had air'd them: Hence I took a thought,
 judgment on me; that my kingdom,
 y the best heir o'the world, should not
 in't by me: Then follows, that
 he danger which my realms stood in
 issue's fail; and that gave to me
 aning throe. Thus hulling in
 a of my conscience, I did steer
 s remedy, whereupon we are
 it here together; that's to say,
 rectify my conscience,—which
 eel full sick, and yet not well,—
 everend fathers of the land,
 s learn'd.—First, I began in private
 my lord of Lincoln; you remember
 my oppression I did reek,
 it mov'd you.

Very well, my liege.
 have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say
 satisfied me.

So please your highness,
 did at first so stagger me,—
 te of mighty moment in't.

Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o'the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*

K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*

St

S

ACT III.



SCENE I. *Palace at BRIDEWELL. A Room in the
QUEEN's Apartment.*

The QUEEN, and some of her Women, at Work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad
with troubles;

Sing. and disperse them. if thou canst: leave working.

KING HENRY VIII.
Enter a Gentleman.

Kath. How now?
nt. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
t in the presence.

L. Kath. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, madam. Pray their graces
Q. Kath. Pray their graces

To come near. [Exit Gent.] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs are righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.
Peace to your highness!

Wol. I would be all, against the worst part of a housewife;
Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?
Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

My lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number), if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.
Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina*
serenissima,—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, &
picious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;

Wol.
I am sorry my
(And service to his
So deep suspicion,
We come not by U
To taint that hono
Nor to betray yo
You have too mu
How you stand
Between the ki
Like free and
And comforts
Cam.
My load of
Zeal and ob
Forgetting
Both of h
Offers, as
His serv
Q
M
Y

service to his majesty and you),
Deep suspicion, where all faith was meet
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue bla
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty differ
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censur
Both of his truth and him (which was too far
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me.
My lords, I thank you both for your good will
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye pro
But how to make you suddenly an answer.
In such a point of weight.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT 3.

for my profit: Can you think, lords,
 Englishman dare give me counsel?
 known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure
 as he be grown so desperate to be honest),
 a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
 that must weigh out my afflictions,
 that my trust must grow to, live not here;
 are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
 as own country, lords.

Ma. I would, your grace
 should leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Kath.

How, sir?

am. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
 as loving and most gracious; 'twill be much
 to for your honour better, and your cause;
 for, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
 you'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol.

He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
 this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
 heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
 that no king can corrupt.

Cam.

Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought
 ye,

upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues:
 not cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
 send them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort
 as cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
 woman lost among ye, laughed at, scorn'd?
 will not wish ye half my miseries,
 have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
 take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
 the burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;

you turn the good we offer into envy.

Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon
 all such false professors! Would ye have
 you have any justice, any pity;
 as any thing but churchmen's habits),

KING HENRY VIII.

51

cause into his hands that hates me?
banish'd me his bed already;
long ago: I am old, my lords,
ellowship I hold now with him
edience. What can happen
this wretchedness? all your studies
use like this.

Your fears are worse.
ave I liv'd thus long—(let me speak my-

ids no friends),—a wife, a true one?
re say, without vain-glory),
ded with suspicion?
my full affections
g? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
dness, superstitious to him?
y prayers to content him?
warded? 'tis not well, lords.
ant woman to her husband,
am'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
n, when she has done most,
honour,—a great patience.
ou wander from the good we aim at.
d, I dare not make myself so guilty,
ly that noble title
e to: nothing but death
y dignities.

'Pray, hear me.
I had never trod this English earth,
that grow upon it!
, but heaven knows your hearts.
me now, wretched lady?
y woman living.—
where are now your fortunes?

(To her Women.
ingdom, where no pity,
no kindred weep for me,
'd me:—Like the lily,
of the field, and flourish'd,
perish.

If your grace

KING
ould but be brought to know,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our place
The way of our profession, is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.
Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your
virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.
Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, for-
give me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly:
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [Exit.

SCENE II. Antechamber to the KING's Apartment.

Enter the DUKE of NORFOLK, the DUKE of SURRY,
the EARL of SURRY, and the Lord Chamberlain
Nor. If you will now unite in your complaining
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: If you omit

To be revenged
Suff.
Have unconte-
Strangely negl
The stamp of
Out of himse
Cham.
What he de
What we c
Gives way
Bar his a
Any thin
Over th
Nor.
His sp
Matte
The
Not
I
O

of this time, I cannot promise,
 if you shall sustain more new disgraces,
 these you bear already.

Suff. I am joyful
 to meet the least occasion, that may give me
 remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
 who be reveng'd on him.

Suff. Which of the peers
 Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least
 Strangely neglected? when did he regard
 The stamp of nobleness in any person,
 Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
 What he deserves of you and me, I know;
 What we can do to him (though now the time
 Gives way to us), I much fear. If you cannot
 Bar his access to the king, never attempt
 Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
 Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
 His spell in that is out: the king hath found
 Matter against him, that for ever mars
 The honey of his language. No, be settled,
 Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Surry. Sir,
 I should be glad to hear such news as this
 Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
 In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
 Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
 As I could wish mine enemy.

Surry. How came
 His practices to light?

Suff. Most strangely.

Suff. O, how, how?
Suff. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
 And came to the eye o' the king; wherein was read,
 How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
 To stay the judgment o' the divorce: For if
 It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive

My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.
Surry. Has the king this?

Believe it.

Will this work?

Surry.

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Surry.

Surry. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
For, I profess, you have it. Now all my joy

Trace the conjunction!

My amen to't!

All men's.

Surry.

Surry. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Surry.

Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor.

Surry. Will make this sting the sooner.
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Is stolen away to Rome: hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o'the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot.

The king cried, ha! at this.

Cham.

And let him cry ha, louder!

Nor.

When returns Cranmer?

Now, God incense him!

But, my lord,

His son
Her coron
Shall be c
And wido
Nor.

A worth
In the k
Suff.

For it,
Nor
Su!
The

Crom. To his own hand, in his benchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'the inside of the paper?

Crom.

Presently

He did unseal them; and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol.

Is he ready

To come abroad?

Crom.

I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile.—

[*Exit Cromwell.*]

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suff.

May be, he hears the king

Does whet his anger to him.

thy justice!
The late queen's gentlewoman,
daughter,
her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
an, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
d well-deserving? yet I know her for
spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
our cause, that she should lie in the bosom of
Our hard-ru'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Crammer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.
Suff. I would, 'twere something that would fret the
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the KING, reading a Schedule; and LOVELL.
Suff. The king, the king.
To his own portion! and what expense he accumulated
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords;

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground;
Then lays his finger on his temple, straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon. in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be;
This morning,
There is a mutiny in his mind.
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?

To be.
K. Hen. His contemplation
And fix'd on spirit
Dwell in his music
His thoughts are
His serious cons!
[He]

Wol.
Ever God bl
K. Hen.
You are fr
Of your
You we
To ste
To ke
I dee
To!

of thrift,
ds;

ommotion

t,
i,

postures

ll be;
s,

To steal from spiritual leisure, a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol.

Sir,

For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i'the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
In her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen.

You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

K. Hen.

'Tis well said again;

And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd y'
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown

KING HENRY VIII.

His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

What should this mean?
What should this business! [Aside.
Have I not made you

Wol.

Surry. The Lord increase this business!
I pray you, tell me,
The prime man of the state, you have found true:

K. Hen.

If what I now pronounce, you have found true,
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite;—my endeavours
Beyond all man's endeavours: Mine own ends
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fill'd with my abilities: Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks; and
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen.

A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: The honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i'the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol.

That for your highness' good I do profess,
More than mine own; that am, have, and will

About;
Appear in to
As doth a r
Should the
And stand
K. Hen
Take not
For you

And, a
What

all the world should crack their duty to you,
 Now it from their soul : though perils did
 As thick as thought could make them, and
 Far in forms more horrid ; yet my duty,
 With a rock against the chiding flood,
 Would the approach of this wild river break,
 And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen.

'Tis nobly spoken :

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
 For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this ;
[Giving him Papers.]

And, after, this : and then to breakfast, with
 What appetite you have.

*[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey ;
 the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and
 whispering.]*

Wol.

What should this mean ?

What sudden anger's this ? how have I reap'd it ?
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 Leap'd from his eyes : So looks the chafed lion
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;
 I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so ;
 This paper has undone me :—'Tis the account
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
 For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom,
 And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
 Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet,
 I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?
 No new device to beat this from his brains ?
 I know, 'twill stir him strongly ; Yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,
 Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope ?*
 The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I write to his holiness. Nay then, farewell !
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT 3.

Re-enter the DUKES of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the
EARL of SURRY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who com-
mands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Who dare cross them?
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it
(I mean, your malice), know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it led ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king
(Mine, and your master), with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

Surry. The king, that gave it.
It must be himself then.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;
Surry. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou better
Within these forty hours Surry durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Thy ambition
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals
With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,
Plague of your policy
Cut a hair of his.

You see his
Far from
That might have
Whilst your great
Absolv'd him wi
Wol.

This talking lo
I answer, is m
Found his de
From any pri
His noble y
If I lov'd y
You have
That I, in
Toward
Dare m
And all
Sur
Your
My
Can
An
To
F
A

deputy for Ireland;
 As succour, from the king, from all
 At have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
 At your great goodness, out of holy pity,
 Wd' him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
 His talking lord can lay upon my credit,
 Answer, is most false. The duke by law
 Found his deserts; how innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
 If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little honesty as honour;
 That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
 Toward the king, my ever royal master,
 Dare mate a sounder man than Surry can be,
 And all that love his follies.

Surry. By my soul,
 Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st feel
 My sword i'the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
 And from this fellow? if we live thus tamely,
 To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
 Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
 And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
 Is poison to thy stomach.

Surry. Yes, that goodness
 Of gleaming all the land's wealth into one,
 Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
 The goodness of your intercepted packets,
 You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
 My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
 As you respect the common good, the state
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
 Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
 Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this mare,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, this much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer.
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Surry. This cannot save you.
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir:
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners. [at you.

Surry. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have
First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suff. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Surry. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suff. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Surry. Then, that you have sent innumerable sub-
stance

(*By what means got, I leave to your own conscience*),
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

~~break the laws~~; let them,
you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
titled of his great self.

rry.

I forgive him.

ff. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,
use all those things, you have done of late
our power legatine within this kingdom,
into the compass of a *præmunire*,—
therefore such a writ be sued against you ;
forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
tels, and whatsoever, and to be
of the king's protection:—This is my charge.
r. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
to live better. For your stubborn answer,
t the giving back the great seal to us,
ting shall know it, and, no doubt shall thank
you.

you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

So farewell to the little good you bear me.

ll, a long farewell, to all my greatness!

the state of man ; To-day he ~~makes himself~~

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT 3.

That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir. What, amazedly?
 Wol. At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
 A great man should decline? Nay, as you weep,
 I am fallen indeed. How does your grace?

Crom.

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell,
 I know myself now; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
 I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right use
 of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
 (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel),
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

What news abroad? The heaviest, and the worst,
 Crom. Is your displeasure with the king. God bless him!

Wol. The next is, that sir Thomas More is cl
 Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat
 But he's a learned man. May he continue
 Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
 For truth's sake, and his conscience; that
 has run his course, and sleeps;

SCB.
 May have a
 What more?
 Crom. The
 Install'd lord
 Wol. The
 Crom.
 Whom th
 This day
 Going
 Only
 W.

Th
 In
 C.

No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell,
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master : Seek the king ;
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him
What, and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature), not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too : Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you ? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee.

Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king:
And,—Prythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol.

So I have. For
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell

[1



SCENE 1. A Street in WESTMINSTER.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. You are well met once again.

2 Gent.

1 Gent. You come to take your stand here. And so are
The lady Anne pass from t

2 Gent. I will pass from t

1 Gent.

Yes; 'tis the list
Of those, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal; you may read the rest. [Loms,

2 Gent. I thank you, sir; had I not known those cus-
I should have been beholden to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gent. That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Amptill, where the princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men, she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 Gent.

Alas, good lady!—

[Trumpets.

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of Trumpets; then enter,—

1. Two Judges.

2. Lord Chancellor, with the Purse and Mace before him.

3. Choristers singing.

4. MAYOR of LONDON, bearing the Mace. Then
Garter, in his Coat of Arms, and on his Head, a
gilt Copper Crown. [Music.

5. MARQUIS DORSET, bearing a Sceptre of Gold —
his Head a demi-coronal of Gold. With him
EARL of SURRY, bearing the Rod of Silver
the Dove, crowned with an Earl's Coronet. (of SS.

by four of the Cinque-
t, the QUEEN in her Robe; in her
adorned with Pearl, crowned. On a
her, the Bishops of LONDON and WIN
1. The old DUCHESS of NORFOLK, in a
Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the
Train.

9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain C
Gold, without Flowers.

2 Gent. A royal train, believe me.—These I
Who's that, that bears the sceptre?

1 Gent. Marquis I

And that the earl of Surry, with the rod.

2 Gent. A bold brave gentleman: And that
be

The duke of Suffolk.

1 Gent. 'Tis the same; high

2 Gent. And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 Gent. Yes

2 Gent. Heaven ble

[Looking on the

Thou hast the sweetest face I

2 Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;
And, sometimes, falling ones.

No more of that.

1 Gent.

[Exit Procession, with a great flourish of Trumpets.]

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?
3 Gent. Among the crowd i'the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; and I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

You saw

2 Gent.

The ceremony?

That I did.

How was it?

3 Gent.

1 Gent. Well worth the seeing.

3 Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.

2 Gent.

3 Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.

Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks
(Doublets, I think), flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams,
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were wove
So strangely in one piece.

But pray, what folk

2 Gent.

3 Gent. At length her grace arose, and with
paces

god, and bird of peace, and all such as
nobly on her : which perform'd, the
With all the choicest music of the kingdom
together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.* Sir
Must no more call it York-place, that is past
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost ;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3 *Gent.* I
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bisho
Were those that went on each side of the qu

3 *Gent.* Stokesley and Gardiner; the one,
chester
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary),
The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop-
The virtuous Cranmer.

Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
 Something I can command. As I walk thither,
 I'll tell ye more.

Both.

You may command us, sir. [*Exit*

SCENE II. KIMBOLTON.

Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led between GRIFITH and PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death
 My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
 Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;—
 So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
 Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
 That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
 Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
 Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Prythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died
 If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
 For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
 For after the stont earl of Northumberland
 Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
 (As a man sorely tainted), to his answer,
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
 He could not sit his mule.

Kath.

Alas! poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicest
 Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
 To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!

So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last), full of repentance,

usual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
 gave his honours to the world again,
 blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.
Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
 Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity,—He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
 Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
 His own opinion was his law: the presence
 He would say untruths; and be ever double,
 Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave
 The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your highness
 To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
 I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
 He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
 Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting
 (Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely: Ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
 Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;

Kath. After my death I wish no other
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth, and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
 Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
 I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

[*Sad and solemn Music*]

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet
 For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another
 six Personages, clad in white Robes, wearing on
 Heads Garlands of Bays, and golden Visards on
 Faces; branches of Bays, or Palm, in their Hands
 They first Congee unto her, then Dance; as
 the music changes, the first two hold a spare Gold

Kath. It is not you I call for:

Grif. Why ye none enter, since I slept?

None, madam.

Kath. No! Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark you her eyes?

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt Grif. and Mess.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,

The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap.

Noble lady,

First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late
'Tis like a pardon after execution:

That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap.

Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat.

No, madam.

[Giving it to Katharine]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap.

Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long,
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I should not lie), but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;

d, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
 The last is, for my men:—they are the poorest,
 but poverty could never draw them from me;—
 that they may have their wages duly paid them,
 And something over to remember me by;

If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
 And able means, we had not parted thus.
 These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,
 By that you love the dearest in this world,
 As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
 To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will;
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
 In all humility unto his highness:
 Say, his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,
 For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
 My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
 You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
 Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
 Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
 Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
 I can no more.—

[*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*]

ACT V



SCENE I. A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester; a Page with a Torch before him, met by SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, isn't not?

Boy. It hath struck.
 Gur. These should be hours for necessities,
 Not for delights; times to repair our nature
 With comforting repose, and not for us
 To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas;
 Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
 Gur. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero
 With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him, too,
 Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
 Gur. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
 It seems, you are in haste: an if there be
 No great offence belongs to't, give your friend

Th.
 And durst com
 Much weightier than
 They say, in great e
 She'll with the labo
 Gar.

I pray for heartil
 Good time, and
 I wish it grubb
 Lov.

Cry the amen
 She's a good
 Deserve our
 Gar.

Hear me,
 Of mine
 And, let
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of SUFFOLK, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his Head, bearing a long white Wand, as Steward. With him, the DUKE of NORFOLK, in the Rod of Marshalship, a Coronet on his Head. Collars of SS.

Canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the QUEEN in her Robe; in her Hair richly adorned with Pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of LONDON and WINCHESTER.

8. The old DUCHESS of NORFOLK, in a Coronal of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the QUEEN's Train.

9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain Circlets of Gold, without Flowers.

2 Gent. A royal train, believe me.—These I know:—Who's that, that bears the sceptre?

1 Gent.

Marquis Dorset:

And that the earl of Surry, with the rod.

2 Gent. A bold brave gentleman: And that should be

The duke of Suffolk.

1 Gent.

'Tis the same; high steward.

2 Gent. And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 Gent.

Yes.

2 Gent.

Heaven bless thee!

[Looking on the Queen.

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 Gent.

They, that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons

Of the Cinque-ports.

2 Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all, are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

Have broken with the king; who hath so far
 Given ear to our complaint (of his great grace
 And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
 Our reasons laid before him), he hath commanded,
 To-morrow morning to the council-board
 He be convented. He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
 And we must root him out. From your affairs
 I hinder you too long: good night, sir Thomas.
 Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your ser-
 vant. [Exeunt Gardiner and Page.]

As LOVELL is going out, enter the KING and the
 DUKE of SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
 My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.
 Suff. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
 Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
 Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
 What you commanded me, but by her woman,
 I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
 In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
 Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha?
 To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
 Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!
 Suff. God safely quit her of her burden, and
 With gentle travail, to the gladdening of
 Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
 Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
 The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
 For I must think of that, which company
 Will not be friendly to.

Suff. I wish your highness
 A quiet night, and my good mistress will
 Remember in my prayers.

to the altar ; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
a rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
an by the archbishop of Canterbury
, had all the royal makings of a queen ;
a holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
he rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems,
aid nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
and with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 Gent. Sir, you
Must no more call it York-place, that is past :
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost ;
Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3 Gent. I know it ;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
is fresh about me.

2 Gent. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen ?

3 Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one, of Win-
chester
'Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary),
The other, London.

2 Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 Gent. All the land knows that :
However, yet there's no great breach ; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 Gent. Who may that be, I pray you ?

3 Gent. Thomas Cromwell ;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king
Has made him master o'the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 Gent. He will deserve more.

3 Gent. Yes, without all doubt.
ome, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which

Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how
Your state stands i'the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies
Are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o'the question carries
The due o'the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you: such things have been done.
You are potentially oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;

take a precipice for no leap of danger,
woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
protect mine innocence, or I fall into
the trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them; if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—

[*Exit Cranmer.*]

He has strangled

His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [*Within*] Come back; What mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back: the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen.

Lovell,—

. Enter LOVELL.

Loe.

Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen. [Exit King.]

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Lobby before the Council-chamber.

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, &c. attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—Hoa!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently. [Exit Butts.]

Cran. [Aside] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice),
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door: a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a Window above, the KING and BUTTS.
Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

K. Hen.

What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o'me, where is it?

Butts.

There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen.

Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among them
(At least, good manners), as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:

Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;

We shall hear more anon.—

[*Exeunt.*]

The Council-chamber.

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, the DUKE of SUFFOLK,
EARL of SURRY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER,
and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at
the upper end of the Table on the left Hand; a Seat
being left void above him, as for the ARCHBISHOP of
CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in order on
each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as Secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:

Why are we met in council?

Crom.

Please your honours,

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom.

Yes.

Nor.

Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords:

Gar.

Yea.

D. Keep.

My lord archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep.

Your grace may enter now.

[*Cranmer approaches the Council-table.*]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: But we all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdeemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains
(For so we are inform'd), with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: And what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords),
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.

*Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.*

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Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,

We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom.

Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom.

'Would you were half so honest;
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan.

This is too much

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar.

I have done.

Crom.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;

There to remain, till the king's further pleasure

Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Crom.

Is there no other way of mercy

But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar.

Why

Would you expect? You are strangely trouble

Let some o'the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Crom.

For me

Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar.

Receive him,

And see him safe i'the Tower.

Crom.

Stay, good my

I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lord

By virtue of that ring, I take my cause

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it

To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring.

Surry.

'Tis no count

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye

When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling

'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor.

Do you think, my

The king will suffer but the little finger

Of this man to be vex'd?

Chan.

'Tis now too certain

How much more is his life in value with him

'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom.

My mind

In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at),
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter KING, frowning on them; takes his Seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince; [heaven
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender!

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, [*To Cranmer*] sit down. Now let me see
the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not.

Surry. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deserve that title),
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?

*Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a counsellor, to try him,
Not as a groom: There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity.*

I try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
ye shall never have, while I live.

n. Thus far,
best dread sovereign, may it like your grace
my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
rning his imprisonment, was rather
ere be faith in men) meant for his trial,
ur purgation to the world, than malice;
ure, in me.

Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
say thus much for him, If a prince
e beholden to a subject, I
or his love and service, so to him.
me no more ado, but all embrace him;
ends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canter-
bury,

a suit which you must not deny me;
is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
must be godfather, and answer for her.
m. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
h an honour; How may I deserve it,
am a poor and humble subject to you?

Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your
spoons; you shall have [folk,
noble partners with you; the old duchess of Nor-
ady marquis Dorset; Will these please you?
more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
ace, and love this man.

r. With a true heart,
brother-love, I do it.

an. And let heaven
ess, how dear I hold this confirmation.

Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true
ommon voice, I see, is verified [heart.
e, which says thus, Do my lord of Canterbury
wd turn, and he is your friend for ever.—

lords, we trifle time away; I long
e this young one made a Christian.
ve made ye one, lords, one remain;
w stronger, you more honour gain. [Exe

SCENE III. *The Palace Yard.*

Noise and Tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: Do you take the court for Paris garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue: Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones? these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible (Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons), To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep On May-day morning; which will never be: We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand, to mow them down before me: but, if I spared any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian con-

G HENRY VIII.

Christening will beget a thousand;
godfather, and all together.

as will be the bigger, sir. There is
t near the door, he should be a brazier

o'my conscience, twenty of the dog-
in's nose; all that stand about him are
they need no other penance: That fire-
three times on the head, and three times
discharged against me: he stands there,

piece, to blow us. There was a haberdash-
of small wit near him, that railed upon
ink'd porringer fell off her head, for kind-

combustion in the state. I miss'd the
, and hit that woman, who cried out, clubs!

ght see from far some forty truncheoners
succour, which were the hope of the Strand,

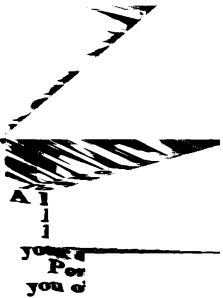
was quartered. They fell on; I made good my
length they came to the broom-staff with me,
nem still; when suddenly a file of boys behind

ose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles,
as fain to draw mine honour in, and let them

work: The devil was amongst them, I think,

These are the youths that thunder at a play-
and fight for bitten apples; that no audience,
the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of
house, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I
ve some of them in limbo patrum, and there they
like to dance these three days; besides the running
squet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.
Cham. Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.
There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these
our faithful friends o'the suburbs? We shall have
eat store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
hen they pass back from the christening.



Enter The
MAYOR, with
his Marshal
men bearing
Gifts; then
which the Duc
ing the Child
borne by a Lady
of Dorset, the
Troop pass once
Gart. Heaven
perous life, low
mighty prince

Flour
Crown
My son

thousand;
or.

There is
a brasier
of the day
st him are
That fire-
tree times
ids there,
a haberd-
shed upon
for kind-
ness'd the
ut, chide!
sheoncers
e Strand,
good my
with me,
ys behind
pebbles,
let them
I think,

play-
ence,
e of
M

Port.

An't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule them.

Cham.

As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves:
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make
your head ache.

Port. You i'the camlet, got up o'the rail; I'll pick
you o'er the pales else. [Exit.

SCENE IV. The Palace.

*Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, LORD
MAYOR, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE of NORFOLK with
his Marshall's Staff, DUKE of SUFFOLK, two Noble-
men bearing great Standing-bowls, for the christening
Gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under
which the DUCHESS of NORFOLK, Godmother, bear-
ing the Child, richly habited in a Mantle, &c. Train
borne by a Lady; then follows the MARCHIONESS
of DORSET, the other Godmother and Ladies. The
Troop pass once about the Stage, and Garter speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosper-
ous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and
mighty princess of England, Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter KING and Train.

Cran. [Kneeling] And to your royal grace, and to
good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:—

All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran.

Elizabeth.

K. Hen.

Stand up, lord.—

[The King kisses the Child.]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran.

Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran.

Let me speak, sir,

For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness),
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, *[her:]*
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with
In her days, every man shall eat in safety

Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing

The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:

God shall be truly known; and those about her

From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,

And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

[Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when

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The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix.
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness),
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd : Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations : He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him :—Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more ! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man ; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing :
His oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
Thank ye all,—To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden ;
We receiv'd much honour by your presence ;
Ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords ;—
We must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
Will be sick else. This day, no man think
On business at his house ; for all shall stay,
Till one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
 All that are here : Some come to take their ease,
 And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
 We have frighted with our trumpets ; so, 'tis clear,
 They'll say, 'tis naught : others, to hear the city
 Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—*that's witty !*
 Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,
 All the expected good we are like to hear
 For this play at this time, is only in
 The merciful construction of good women ;
 For such a one we show'd them : If they smile,
 And say, 'twill do, I know, within awhile
 All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
 If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

The play of Henry the Eighth is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows, and virtuous distress, of Katharine, have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written.

The second scene of the fourth act is above any other of Shakspeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet ; tender and pathetic, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices ; without the help of romantic circumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery.

JOHNSON.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.



From the Chiswick Press.

1813.

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C



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Priam, King of Troy.

Hector,

Troilus,

Paris,

Deiphobus,

Helenus,

Aneas,

Antenor,

Calchas, a Trojan Priest, taking Part with the Greeks

Pandarus, Uncle to Cressida.

Margarelon, a Bastard Son of Priam.

Agamemnon, the Grecian General.

Menelaus, his Brother.

Achilles,

Ajax,

Ulysses,

Nestor,

Diomedes,

Patroclus,

Thersites, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.

Alexander, Servant to Cressida.

Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to Diomedes.

Helen, Wife to Menelaus.

Andromache, Wife to Hector.

Cassandra, Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess.

Cressida, Daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants

SCENE, Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

To ransack Helen,
The ravish'd Helen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilios, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice;—
In like conditions as our argument,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now, good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

SCEN
E

Tro.
Why
That
Each
Let

Fi
F

SCENE I. TROY. Before PRIAM'S Palace.

Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Tro. **C**ALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again :
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within ?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended ?

roils,

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant ;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance ;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my
part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that
will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the
grinding.

ACT 1.

THEOILUS AND

not tarried?
he grinding; but you must tarry the
I not tarried?
the bolting; but you must tarry the

have I tarried.
, to the leavening: but here's yet in the
easter, the kneading, the making of the cake,
g of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must
ooling too, or you may chance to burn your

patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
user blench at sufferance than I do.
m's royal table do I sit;
men fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
itor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?
fairer than ever I
Well, she looked yesternight
er look, or any woman else.
o. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,—
redged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Hector or my father should perceive me,
the sun doth light a storm),
smile:
ing gladness,

is
she
Tro.
P.
on or
and bet
Tro.
Pan.
so fair as
be as fair
care I? I
all one to me
Tro. Say I
Pan. I do
fool to stay
I'll not

Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
in whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she
is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not,
she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought
on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between
and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore, she's not
so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would
be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what
care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis
all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a
fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks;
and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part,
I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave
all as I found it, and there an end.

[Exit Pandarus. An Alarum.

ACT 1.

TROILUS AND

I a subject for my sword.
—O gods, how do you plague me!
to Cressid, but by Pandar;
stebly to be woo'd to woo,
aborn-chaste against all suit.
ollo, for thy Daphne's love,
id is, what Pandar, and what we?
India; there she lies, a pearl:
ur Ilium, and where she resides,
all'd the wild and wandering flood;
ne merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
tful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.
How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?
Because not there; This woman's answer sorts,
manish it is to be from thence.
news, Æneas, from the field to-day?
e. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

By whom, Æneas? Troilus, by Menelaus.
ne. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
is is gor'd with Menelaus' horn.

Ene. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!
Tro. Better at home, if would I might, were may.—
it, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?
Ene. In all swift haste.

Come, go we then together.
Tro. *[Exit.*

SCENE II. The same. A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.
Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.
Cres. And whither go they? Up to the eastern tower,
Alex. Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;

And, like
Before th
And to t
Did, as
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And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes this: There is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.

Cres. Good; And what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or
have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of
their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion,
churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into
whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour
is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion:
there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse
of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain
of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against
the hair: He hath the joints of every thing; but every
thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many
hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no
sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile,
make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the
battle, and struck him down: the disdain and shame
whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and
waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you

talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin?—When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there is Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man, if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if ever I saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,—

Cres. So he is.

Pan. —'Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour (for so 'tis, I must confess),—Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into a compassed window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

ACT 1.

TROILUS AND

ides valiantly.
not?

n 'twere a cloud in autumn.
o to then:—But to prove to you that
oilus,——

is will stand to the proof, if you'll prove
I

us? why, he esteems her no more than I
idle egg.

you love an addle egg as well as you love an
you would eat chicken's i'the shell.
cannot choose but laugh, to think how she
is chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white

must needs confess.
Without the rack.

And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on
n. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.
n. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecab

ned, that her eyes ran o'er.
res. With millstones.
Pan And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under
st of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed?
Cres. At what was all this laughing?
Pan. Marry at the white hair that Helen sp

Troilus' chin.
Cres. An't had been a green hair, I shoul
laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair.
pretty answer.
Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, Here's but one and fifty
your chin, and one of them is white.
Cres. This is her question.
Pan. That's true; make no question
and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one wh
father, of these hairs is I

The forked one, quoth he; pluck it out, and give it him. But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A Retreat sounded.*]

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here; here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o'the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's

TROILUS AND

ACT 1.

Hew!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man,
ce.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's
puntenance: Is't not a brave man?

res. O, a brave man!

an. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look
! what hacks are on his helmet: look you yonder,
you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's
ng on; take't off who will, as they say: there be
ks!

res. Be those with swords?

PARIS *passes over.*

an. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil
se to him, it's all one: By god's lid it does one's
rt good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris:
k ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't
?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came
t home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do
len's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see
ilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

res. Who's that?

HELENUS *passes over.*

an. That's Helenus;—I marvel, where Troilus is:
hat's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:
hat's Helenus.

res. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

an. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:
marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear
people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

res. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes over.*

an. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus!
re's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince
chivalry!

res. Peace, for shame, peace!

an. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look
upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is
ied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's.

And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the Stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i'the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pye,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit Boy*] I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.—

[*Exit Pandarus.*]

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprise:

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:

That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

That she was never yet, that ever knew

Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—

Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:

Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before AGAMEMNON's Tent.

Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others.

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

The ample proposition, that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below,

Fails in the promis'd largeness: cheeks and diameters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;

As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,

Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain

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Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,

Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies fled under shade, Why, then the thing of
 courage,
 As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
 And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
 Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss.

Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
 Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
 Besides the applause and approbation

'The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—

[To Agamemnon.]

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—

[To Nestor.]

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
 Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
 As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
 Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
 On which heaven rides), knit all the Greekish ears
 To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please both,—
 'Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less
 That matter needless, of importless burden, [expect,
 Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
 When rank Thersites opens his mastiff jaws,
 We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
 And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
 But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:

And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.

When that the general is not like the hive,

To whom the foragers shall all repair,

What honey is expected? Degree being viar'd,

The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spber'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Saus check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture: O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides),
Should lose their names, and so should justice too
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
ud, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,

AND
suffocate,

ree it is,
ward, with a purpose
neral's disdain'd
he, by the next;
th: so every step,
ace that is sick
to an envious fever
emulation:
t keeps Troy on foot,
To end a tale of length.
s stands, not in her strength.
bath Ulysses here discover'd
ll our power is sick.
e of the sickness found, Ulysses,
y?

t Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
e forehand of our host,—
all of his airy fame,
his worth, and in his tent
ar designs: With him, Patroclus,
d, the livelong day
jest;

ulous and awkward action
derer, he imitation calls),
us. Sometime, great Agameinnon,
deputation he puts on;
strutting player,—whose conceit
hamstring, and doth think it rich
e wooden dialogue and sound
stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
e-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
hy greatness in; and when he speaks,
a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,
from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
e Achilles, on his press'd bed tolling,
s deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Excellent!—'Tis Agameinnon just.—

At
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Shak
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All our
Several
Achieve
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As stuff
Nest. A

(Whom, a
With an i
Ajax is grow
In such a rei
As broad Acl
Makes factious
Bold as an orach
(A slave, whose
To match us in
To weaken and
How rank soever
Ulyss. They tax
Count wisdom as to
Forestall prescience
But that of hand
That do contrive
When fitness call
Of their observ
Why, this hath

*Now play me Nestor ;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'drest to some oration.*

*That's done ;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels ; as like as Vulcan and his wife :*

Yet good Achilles still cries, Excellent !

*'Tis Nestor right ! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.*

*And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough, and spit,*

*And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet :—and, at this sport,
Sir Valour dies ; cries, O !—enough, Patroclus ;—*

*Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,*

*All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.*

*Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice), many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd ; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles : keeps his tent like him ;
Makes factious feasts ; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle : and sets Thersites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint),
To match us in comparisons with dirt ;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.*

*Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice ;
Count wisdom as no member of the war ;
Foretell prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand : the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on ; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity :*

They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war :
 So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
 They place before his hand that made the engine ;
 Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons. *[Trumpet sounds.*
Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam.

What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne.

Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam.

Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,

Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
 'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
 Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
 A stranger to those most imperial looks
 Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam.

How?

Æne. Ay ;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
 And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
 Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
 The youthful Phœbus :

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us ; or the men of Troy
 Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
 As bending angels ; that's their fame in peace :
 But when they would seem soldiers, they have gall,
 Good arms, strong joints, true swords ; and Jove's
 Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas, [accord,
 Peace, Trojan ; lay thy finger on thy lips!

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends, [scends.

That breath fame follows; that praise, sole pure, true—
Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself *Æneas*?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes from
Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[Trumpet sounds.

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector (*Priam* is his father),
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves),
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it:
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;

And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord *Aeneas*;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vambrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood!

Aeneas. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!
Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord *Aeneas*, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.*]

Ulyss. Nestor, —

Nest. What says *Ulysses*?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

In rank
Or, shedding,
To over-bulk
Nest.

Ulyss. This
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Blunt wedges rive hard knots : The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.

Nest.

Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up :
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest.

Yes,

It is most meet ; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells ;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate : And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action : for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general ;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector, issues from our choice :
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues ; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?

Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech ;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest ware
And think, perchance, they'll sell ; if not,
'The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes ; what

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from
Were he not proud, we all should share with !
But he already is too insolent ;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair : If he were foil'
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector : Among oursel
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause ; and make him t
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices : If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plume!

Nest. *Ulysses,*

Now I begin to relish thy advice ;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon : go we to him straight.
Two ours shall tame each other ; Pride also
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their

ACT II.



SCENE I. *Another Part of the Grecian Camp.*

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy oore?

Ajax. Dog,—

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then.

[Strikes him.]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel, beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o'thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toad's stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsome scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—

Ther. Thou grumblest and raillest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [Beating him.

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do. [Beating him.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Aehilles, Ajax, —who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax——

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*]

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: be there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on
—yoke you like draught oxen, and make y
up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to,

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as mu
afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles'
me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotp
come any more to your tents; I will keep w
is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd thro
That Hector, by the first hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and I
'To-morrow morning call some knight to arm
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that c
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Fa
Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; ot
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn mor

SCENE II. TROY. A Room in PRIAM'

*Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PA
HELENUS.*

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speed
Thus once again says Nestor from the C

*Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travel, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?*

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go;
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You *sur* your gloves with reason. Here are your rea-
sons:

*You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous.*

ason flies the object
narvels then, when Helenus
scian and his sword, if he do set
very wings of reason to his heels;
fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
A's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
ould have hare hearts, would they but fat their
thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.
Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?
Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. But value dwells not in particular will;
Hect. It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of mine eyes and ears,
My will enkindled by 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distate what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
We have soild them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce;
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and fresher

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Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
 Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt;
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
 And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
 If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went
 (As you must needs, for you all cried—*Go, go*),
 If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize
 (As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
 And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
 And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
 That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
 But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
 Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
 Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
 A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;

Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

[*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
 Of divination in our sister work
 Some touches of remorse? or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro.

Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Chasandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propagnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri.

Paris, you speak

Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.

What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,

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That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glaz'd,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons, you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, nevertheless,
*My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.*

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
 Were it not glory that we more affected
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
 I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
 She is a theme of honour and renown;
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
 For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
 Will strike amazement to their drowy spirits:
 I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation in the army crept;
 'This, I presume, will wake him. [Exit,

SCENE III.

The GRECIAN Camp. Before ACHILLES' Tent.

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will

not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—Thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen.—Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; 'The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody;—Come in with me, Thersites. [Exit.]

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [Exit.]

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here.

He sent our messengers; and we lay by

Our appertainments, visiting of him:

Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think

We dare not move the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [Exit.]

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent;

He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[Takes Agamemnon aside.]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,
To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other,
But for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam.

Hear you, Patroclus;—

We are too well acquainted with these answers:

But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—

Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,

We come to speak with him: And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,

And under-honest; in self-assumption greater,
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than him-
self

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on;
Disguise the holy strength of their command.

it in an observing kind
 a predominance; yea, watch
 ones, his ebbs, his flows, as if
 and whole carriage of this action
 tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
 overhold his price so much,
 of him; but let him, like an engine
 lie under this report—
 on hither, this cannot go to war:
 dwarf we do allowance give
 sleeping giant:—Tell him so.
 shall; and bring his answer presently. *[Exit.]*
 In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
 e to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter.

[Exit Ulysses.]

- What is he more than another?
 1. No more than what he thinks he is.
 2. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks
 a better man than I am?
 n. No question.
 . Will you subscribe his thought, and say—
 n. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant,
 no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether
 tractable.
 . Why should a man be proud? How doth pride
 I know not what pride is.
 n. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your
 the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself:
 his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chrc-
 and whatever praises itself but in the deed,
 s the deed in the praise.
 . I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engender-
 toads.
 . And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange?

(Aside.)

Re-enter ULYSSES:

- . Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.
 . What's his excuse?
 He doth rely on home;

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But carries on the stream of his dispose;
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,

Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake
only,

He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry—No recovery.

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—Achilles, go to him.

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [Aside.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist, I'll pash him
Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow,—

Nest.

How he describes

Himself!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss.

The raven

Chides blackness.

[*Aside.*

Ajax. I will let his humours blood.

Agam. He'll be physician, that should be the patient.

[*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men

Were o'my mind,—

Ulyss.

Wit would be out of fashion.

[*Aside.*

Ajax. He should not bear it so,
He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. He'd have ten shares.

[*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple:—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him with
praises:

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

[*To Agamemnon.*

Nest. O noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;

I will be silent.

Nest.

Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!
I would, he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice

Were it in Ajax now——

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet
composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

'Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I'll not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,

We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,

And cull their slower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.
[Exeunt.]

ACT III.



SCENE I. TROY. A Room in PRIAM'S Palace.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace. [*Music within.*]

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am
courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose
quest do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the
quest of Paris, my lord, who is there in person; with
a, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's
visible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out that
her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen
lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from
prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault
on him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase,
lord!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pa. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair
company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide
me, especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be
on your fair pillow!

He. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pa. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—
Hence, here is good broken music.

You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life,
I'll make it whole again; you shall piece it out
piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of
r.

Truly, lady, no.

O, sir,—

He, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

TROILUS AND

ACT 3.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.
 Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My
 lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear
 you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.
 —But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most
 esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—
 Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself
 most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; if
 you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen,
 if faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour
 offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall
 it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words;
 no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king
 call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very v
 sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-n
 Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin
 fall out with you. You must not know where I

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cress
 Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide

your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good, my lord. Why should
 Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—C
 an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love
 have, sweet queen.

SCENE
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Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll bear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! awhile, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all

the gallantry of Troy; I would fain have armed to-night, but my Nell would not have it so. How chanced my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse.

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[*Exit. A Retreat sounded.*]

Par. They are come from field; let us to Priam's hall. To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris: Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty, Give us more palm in beauty than we have; Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. *The same.* PANDARUS' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Servant.*]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks, Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,

And give me swift transportation to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i'the orchard, I'll bring her straight.

[Exit Pandarus.]

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight:
You must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches
her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite:
Fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches
her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[Exit Pandarus.]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
All my powers do their bestowing lose,
In vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The bye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

C. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a
—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her
she have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again
to be watched ere you be made tame, must you
use your ways, come your ways; an you draw her
I put you i'the filla.—Why do you not speak

TROILUS AND

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to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so, rub on; and kiss the mistress. How now? a kiss in fee-farm? build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady. Psa. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—In witness whereof the parties interchangeably—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus? Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant!—O, my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abrupt? What too curious dreg spies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes. Tro. Fears make devils cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: T fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: T pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither. Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; though it harder for our mistress to devise imposs enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty impossible, and the execution confined; that the infinite, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more ye than they are able, and yet reserve an ability never perform; vowing more than the

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and discharging less than the tenth part of one.
that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares,
they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as
are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go
e, till merit crowa it: no perfection in reversion
ll have a praise in present: we will not name desert,
fore his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be
mble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such
Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a meek
his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer
in Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talk
yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate
you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of
u, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he
ich, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's
ord, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred,
ough they be long ere they are wooed, they are con-
nt, being won: they are burs, I can tell you: they'll
ok where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me
heart:—

ince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
e many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
ith the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—

I confess much, you will play the tyrant
ove you now; but not, till now, so much

I might master it: in faith, I lie;
thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
headstrong for their mother: See, we took!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;

'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:

I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morn-
ing,——

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro.

What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro.

You cannot shun

Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you;

But an unkind self, that itself will leave,

To be another's fool. I would be gone:—

Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak
so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;

Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,

Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman

(As, if it can, I will presume in you),

To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;

To keep her constancy in plight and youth,

Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be
the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's.
If ever you prove false one to another, since I have

taken such pains to bring you together, I goers-between be called to the world's e name, call them all—Pandars; let all in be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show yo and a bed: which bed, because it shall your pretty encounters, press it to death: And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maiden Bed, chamber, Pandar, to provide this g

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp*

*Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDEI
AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCH.*

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I hav The advantage of the time prompts me al To call for recompense. Appear it to you That, through the sight I bear in things, t I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself, From certain and possess'd conveniences, To doubtful fortunes; séquest'ring from m That time, acquaintance, custom, and com Made tame and most familiar to my nature And here, to do you service, am become As new into the world, strange, unacquain I do beseech you, as in way of taste, To give me now a little benefit, Out of those many register'd in promise, Which, you say, live to come in my behal
Agam. What would'st thou of us, T demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Yesterday took; Troy holds him very d Oft have you (often have you thanks th Desir'd my Cressid in right great exob Whom Troy hath still denied: But v

I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.*]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:—
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along:—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil.
Nest. Nothing, my lord.
Agam.

No.

The better.

[Exit Agamemnon and Nestor.
Good day, good day.
[Exit Menelaus.

Achil.

Men. How do you?

Achil.

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil.

Ajax.

Achil.

Ajax.

Good morrow.

Good morrow, Ajax.

Ha?

Ay, and good next day too.

[Exit Ajax.

Know they not

Achil. What mean these fellows? They were us'd to bend,
Achilles?
Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery too,
The love that lean'd on them, and together
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do possess,
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses?

Ulysses.
Writes me,
How much
Cannot ma
Nor feels
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Heat the
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Achil.
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Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To other's eyes; nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there,
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing
(Though in and of him there be much consisting),
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, rever-
berates

The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this:
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That *has* he knows not what. Nature, what things there
are,

Most object in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,

And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renew'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While other's play the idiot's in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars: neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: *Perséverance*, dear, my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hidmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue

Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drove great Mars to faction.

Achil.

Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

Ulyss.

But 'gainst your privacy

The reasons are more potent and heroical:

'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love

With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil.

Hal known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expression to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;

And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena :
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our island sound her trump ;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win ;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord : I as your lover speak ;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit.]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you :
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this ;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus :
Sweet, rouse yourself ; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay ; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake ;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware ;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves :
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go, call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus :
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd : I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace ;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd !

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical outgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good morrow*, Ajax; and he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, *Thersites*.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe passage.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains? I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the god Apollo, got his sinews to make castings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for I the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain still, and I myself see not the bottom of it.

ACT IV.



SCENE I. TROY. A Street.

*, at one side, ÆNEAS and Servant, with a Torch ;
the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIO-
DES, and others, with Torches.*

Æ. See, ho! who's that there?

Deiphobus. 'Tis the lord Æneas.

Æ. Is the prince there in person?

Deiphobus. 'Tis so good occasion to lie long,
you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
d rob my bed-mate of my company.

Æ. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord
Paris.

Deiphobus. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
ess the process of your speech, wherein
old—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
unt you in the field.

Æ. Health to you, valiant sir,
all question of the gentle truce:

But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I
know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; 'Twas to bring this
Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge),
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne.

That I assure you;

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par.

There is no help;

The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all,

[*Exit.*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio.

Both alike:

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soiture),
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour),
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loiss
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Court before the House of PANDARUS.

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too busy

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wight
stays,

As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry

You men will never tarry.—

O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,

And then you would have tarried. Hark!

one up.

**Pan.* [Within] What, are all the doors open?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mock
I shall have such a life,—

Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenhood
Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking!

Cres. Did I not tell you?—'would he were knock'd o'the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.—

[*Knocking.*]

How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*]

Pan. [*Going to the Door*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Ænc. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Ænc. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Ænc. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him: It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

Ænc. Who!—nay, then:—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware:

You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:

Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him hither;

Go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Ænc. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so rash: There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour.

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt Troilus and A*

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? devil take Antenor! the young prince will go. A plague upon Antenor: I would, they had by neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? What is the matter? Who was

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou hadst been born! I knew, thou wouldst be his death poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be thou art charged for Antenor: thou must to thy f

or she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
 this body what extremes you can;
 be strong base and building of my love
 the very centre of the earth,
 ing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—
 1. Do, do.
 2. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised
 cheeks;
 3. my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
 sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
 [Exit.

VE III: *The same. Before PANDARUS' House.*

nter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS,
 ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

r. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
 or delivery to this valiant Greek
 is fast upon:—Good, my brother Troilus,
 you the lady what she is to do,
 haste her to the purpose.
 2. Walk in to her house;
 ring her to the Grecian presently:
 to his hand when I deliver her,
 s it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
 est, there offering to it his own heart. [Exit.
 r. I know what 'tis to love;
 would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
 e you, walk in, my lords. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in PANDARUS' House.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

m. Be moderate, be moderate.
 es. Why tell you me of moderation?
 grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
 violenteth in a sense as strong
 t which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
 uld temporize with my affection.

Or brew it to a weak and colder palate;
 The like allayment could I give my grief;
 My love admits no qualifying dross:
 No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah, sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [Embracing him.

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here? Let me embrace too: O heart,—as the goodly saying is,—

—O heart, O heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
 That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
 More bright in zeal than the devotion which
 Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance

Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by

All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips

Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents

Our look'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows

Even in the birth of our own labouring breath

We two, that with so many thousand sighs

Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one.

Injurious time now, with a robber's haste.

Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how :
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu ;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within*] My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so
Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or
my heart will be blown up by the root! [*Exit Pan.*]

Cres. I must then to the Greeks?

Tro.

No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!—
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of
heart,—

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:—

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this
sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—be true, again!

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
flowing,

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin),
Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think, I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeeful potency.

Æne. [Within] Nay, good, my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [Within] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;

And bring *Æneas*; and the Grecian, with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTEHOR, DERPHOBUS, and
DIOMEDES.*

*Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;*

And, by the way, possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by ~~my~~ soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Iliou.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not;
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Ereunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.*
Trumpet heard.]

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That sware to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with
him.

Det. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,

Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
 The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
 On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [Ex

SCENE V. *The Grecian Camp. Lists set out*

*Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PA
 CLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and oth*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and
 Anticipating time with starting courage.
 Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
 Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
 May pierce the head of the great combatant,
 And hale him thither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my i
 Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
 Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
 Out-swell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon:
 Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout bl
 Thou blow'st for Hector. [Trumpet so

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daugh

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
 He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
 In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio.

Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, i
 lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;

'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
 So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, for
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing our

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now :
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment ;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our soorns !
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss ;—this, mine :
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim !

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir :—*Lady*, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render, or receive ?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,

The kiss you take is better than you give ;

Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man ; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady ? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not ; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o'the head.

Cres.

No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you ?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss.

I do desire it.

Cres.

Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word ;—I'll bring you to your father.

[*Diomedes leads out Cressida.*]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss.

Fie, fie upon her !

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coaxing welcome ere it comes.

TROIUS AND

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For slutish spoils of opportunity, [Trumpet within.
And daughters of the game. Yonder comes the troop.
All. The Trojans' trumpet. Agam. and other

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROIUS, and other
TROJANS, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known: will you, the knights
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam.

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.
Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprising

Æne. Which way would Hector have it?
The knight oppos'd. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof, half Hector comes to see
Half heart, half hand, half Trojan, and half Gr
This blended knight, half Hector then?—O, I perceive
Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, Gentl
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord R
Consent upon the order of their fight.

So be it
Or else
Half :

U
A
N
S

So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[*Ajax and Hector enter the Lists.*]

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindictive than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says *Aeneas*; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and with private soul,
Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [Trumpets cease.]

Aene. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more:—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou couldst say—This hand is Grecian all,

*And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's; by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!*

Ajax.

I thank thee, Hector:

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable

(On whose bright crest, Fame, with her loud'st O yes,
Cries, *This is he*), could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectation here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect.

We'll answer it;

The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success
(As sold' I have the chance), I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish: and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:

And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name,
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.
Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one

That would be rid of such an enemy ;
But that's no welcome : Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion ;
But, in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Stain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

[*To Troilus.*

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting ;—

You brace of warlike brother's, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer ?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O you, my lord ? by Mars, his gauntlet, thanks !

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath ;

Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove :

She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir ; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon ; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,

Labouring for destiny, make cruel way

Through ranks of Greekish youth : and I have seen thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,

Despising many forfeits and subduements,

When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,

Not letting it decline on the declin'd ;

That I have said to some my standers-by,

Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,

Like an Olympian wrestling : This have I seen ;

But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,

I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,

And once fought with him : he was a soldier good ;

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,

Never like thee : Let an old man embrace thee ;

And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

TROILUS AND

ACT 4

the old Nestor.

we embrace thee, good old chronicle,
long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
ad Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.
old, my arms could match thee in contention,
stand with thee in courtesy.
would they could.

Al!
bite beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
come, welcome! I have seen the time—
I wonder now how yonder city stands,
have here her base and pillar by us.
I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
rst I saw yourself and Diomed
n, on your Greekish embassy.
s. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
ophecy is but half his journey yet;
nder walls, that pertly front your town,
owers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
kiss their own feet.

t. I must not believe you:
they stand yet; and modestly, I think,
ll of every Phrygian stone will cost
of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
at old common arbitrator, Time,
one day end it.

us. So to him we leave it.
gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
he general, I beseech you next
st with me, and see me at my tent.
il. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!
Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
noted joint by joint.

Is this Achilles?

✓. I am Achilles.

Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on

Behold thy fill.

Nay, I have done

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me, than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his
body

Shall I destroy him; whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to predominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:—
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.
Agam. First, all you peers of Greece. go to my tent;

Tro. My lord Ulysses, what place
In what place of the field doth Calchas
Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Priamus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[Exit

ACT V.



SCENE I.

The Grecian Camp. Before ACHILLES' Tent.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and
idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these
tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy
k: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten dis-
ses of the south, the guts-gripping, ruptures, catarrhs,
ads o' gravel i'the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw
as, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of
posthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i'the palms, incurable
ne-ach, and the rivelled fee-simple of the letter, take
I take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what
anest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson
listinguishable eur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle
material skein of sleive silk, thou green sarcenet
p for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse,
ou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such
ter-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finish-egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
om my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

ere is a letter from queen Hecuba;

token from her daughter, my fair love;

th taxing me, and gaging me to keep

oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:

ll, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;

y major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—

me, come, Therisitias, help to trim my tent:

is night in banqueting must all be spent.

ay, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain,

se two may run mad; but if with too much brain,

I too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen.

re's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough,

loves quails; but he has not so much brain

: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter

other, the bull, the primitive statue,—and

trial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain,
 ing at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he
 should wit larded with malice, and malice forced
 wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is
 with ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing: he is both ox
 and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad,
 a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe,
 I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would cons-
 pire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if
 I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of
 a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and
 fires!

*Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON,
 ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED,
 with Lights.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;
 There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink,
 sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night,
 And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night. [*Exeunt Agam. and Men.*]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
 Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business.
 The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes
To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[*Aside to Troilus.*

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect.

And so good night.

[*Exit Diomed; Ulysses and Troilus following.*

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.*

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Before CALCHAS' Tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them, THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid come forth to him!

Dio.

How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you.

[*Whisper.*

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.—

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pry'thee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed,——

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Now, good, my lord, go off:
You flow to great destruction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pry'thee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

TROILUS AND
t you part in anger.

ACT 5.

Doth that grieve thee?

Why, how now, lord?

By Jove,

it. Guardian!—why, Greek!

ho! adieu; you palter,
th, I do not; come hither once again.
shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
ak out.

She strokes his cheek!

Come, come.

stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
ween my will and all offences,
patience:—stay a little while.
ow the devil luxury, with his fit rump, and
ger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!
t will you then?
faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
ve me some token for the surety of it.
ll fetch you one.
You have sworn patience.

[Exit.

t be myself, nor have cognition
I feel; I am all patience.
Fear me not, my lord;

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Now, the pledge; now, now, now!
Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
O beauty! where's thy faith?

My lord,—

I. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
s. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well.—
v'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again,
s. Who was't?

No matter, now I hav't again.

s. not meet with you to-morrow night:
thce, Diomed, visit me no more,
r. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And yet it is not;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling;

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you,
pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—

Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio.

Farewell till then.

ACT 5.

TROILUS AND

ght. I pr'ythee, come.—

[Exit Diomedes]

Al! one eye yet looks on thee;
 eart the other eye doth see.—

sex! this fault in us I find,
 our eye directs our mind:

sads, must err; O then conclude,
 d by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[Exit Cressida]

proof of strength she could not publish more.
 said, My mind is now turn'd whore.

It's done, my lord.

It is.

Why stay we then?

o make a recordation to my soul
 syllable that here was spoke.

tell how these two did co-act,
 not lie in publishing a truth?

t there is a credence in my heart,
 erance so obstinately strong,

loth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
 those organs had deceptions functions,

ed only to calumniate.

Cressid here? I cannot conjure, Trojan.

lyss.

ro. She was not, sure. Most sure she was.

lyss.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madne
 Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
 think, we had mothers; do not give advantage

For stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,
 For depravation,—to square the general sex
 By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can
 mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were
 Ther. Will he swagger himself out out's

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cr
 If beauty have a soul, this is not she;

sc
 If
 If
 T
 T

souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
 If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
 If there be rule in unity itself,

This was not she. O madness of discourse,
 That cause sets up with and against itself!
 Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
 Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
 Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!
 Within my soul there doth commence a fight
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
 Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
 And yet the spacious breadth of this division
 Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
 As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
 Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
 Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
 The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
 And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
 Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
 With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well,
 In characters as red as Mars his heart
 Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
 With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,
 So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
 That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
 Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
 My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
 Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
 Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
 Shall dizzy with more clamour, Neptune's ear
 In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
 Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, slays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous
adieu:

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Aeneas, and*

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue, I
I would croak like a raven; I would bode,
bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the
gence of this whore: the parrot will not do n
an almond, than he for a commodious drab. I
lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing els
fashion: A burning devil take them!

SCENE III. TROY. Before PRIAM'S Palace.

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently to
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you: get you
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas.

Where is my brother?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue us him on knees; for I have dream'd

dy turbulence, and this whole night
 nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

O, it is true.

act. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!
 as. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.
 Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.
 Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
 ey are polluted offerings, more abhor'd
 an spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
 hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
 r we would give much, to use violent thefts,
 d rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
 t vows, to every purpose, must not hold:
 harm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
 ne honour keeps the weather of my fate:
 se every man holds dear; but the dear man
 olds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

w now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?
 And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[Exit Cassandra.]

ect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness,
 youth,

to-day i'the vein of chivalry:
 grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
 empt not yet the broshes of the war.
 n thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
 and, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
 better fits a lion, than a man.

. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.
 When many times the captive Grecians fall,
 the fan and wind of your fair sword,
 them rise, and live.

O, 'tis fair, play.

Foot's play, by heaven. Hect

US AND

ACT 5.

How?

For the love of all the gods,
with our mother;
ours buckled on,
ie upon our swords;
, rein them from ruth.

Hector, then 'tis wars.
not have you fight to-day.
old me?
ie hand of Mars
theon my retire;
on knees,
recourse of tears;
your true sword drawn,
old stop my way,

DRA, with PRIAM.
, Priam, hold him fast:
hou lose thy stay,
all Troy on thee,

Hector, come, go back:
y mother hath had visions;
id I myself
y enrapt,
is ominous:

neas is afield;
many Greeks,
, to appear

it thou shalt not go.
ny faith.
efore, dear sir,
, but give me leave
ur consent and voice
f me, royal Priam.
ot to him.

SCENE 3.

And.

Hect. Andro
Upon the love

Tro. This fo
Makes all thes
Cas.

Look, how the
Look, how thy
Hark, how Tr
How poor Am
Behold, destr
Like witless a
And all cry—

Tro. Away!

Cas. Farewe
Thou dost thy
Hect. Yor

Go in, and
Do deeds v
Pri. Fw

[F
Tro. "

I come

As T

F

Do not, dear father.
Andromache, I am offended with you :
the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit Andromache.*]

ro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl,
uses all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.
Look, how thou diest ! look, how thy eye turns pale !
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !
Hark, how Troy roars ! how Hecuba cries out !
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth !
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector ! Hector's dead ! O Hector !
Tro. Away !—Away !—

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft :—Hector, I take my leave :
thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

[*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim :
Hie in, and cheer the town : we'll forth, and fight ;
Deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell : The gods with safety stand about thee !

[*Exeunt severally Priam and Hector. Alarums.*]

Tro. They are at it ; hark ! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

[*TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,*

PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord ? do you hear ?

Tro. What now ?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson phthisic, a whoreson rascally
phthisic so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this
thing ; and what one thing, what another, that I shall
live you one o'these days : And I have a rheum in
my eyes too ; and such an ache in my bones, that
as a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think
of.—What says she there ?

ro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the
heart ;

[*Tearing the Letter.*]

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSIT

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one
I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable
Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish
knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm: I will
see them meet: that that same young Trojan
loves the whore there, might send that Greekish
master villain, with the sleeve, back to the dis-
luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O'th
side, The policy of those crafty swearing
that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nees
that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved
blackberry:—They set me up, in policy, that
our, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind,
and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur
and will not arm to day: whereupon the Greek
to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows in
opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t'other

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS follow

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the

A. No, no;—I am a rascal; a sourvy railing
s; a very filthy rogue.

act. I do believe thee;—live. [Exit.

her. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But
plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's
come of the wenching rogues? I think, they have
swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle.
Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.

[Exit.

SCENE V. *The same.*

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv.

I go, my lord.

[Exit Servant.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands Colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruin'd: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
*Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,
And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belohing whale; then is he yonder.*

and there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
 all down before him, like the mower's swath:
 here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;
 dexterity so obeying appetite,
 that what he will, he does; and does so much,
 that proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulys. O courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
 is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
 'atroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
 together with his mangled myrmidons,
 that noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
 crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
 and foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
 roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
 mad and fantastic execution:
 engaging and redeeming of himself,
 with such a careless force, and forceless care,
 as if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
 bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
 Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
 know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
 Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Another Part of the Field.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax.
Dio. I
Ajax.
 Ere that

Tro. I

And pay
Dio. I
Ajax.
Dio.
Tro.

Hect.

Achil
Hect.
Achil

Be he
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Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office,
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say; what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor, Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou
traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you
both. *[Exeunt, fighting.]*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest
brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

Be happy, that my arms are out of use:

My rest and negligence befriend thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune. *[Exit.]*

Hect. Fare thee well:—

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,

He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,

Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!

I reck not though I end my life to-day. *[Exit.]*

Enter one in sumptuous Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly
mark:—

No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The same.*

Enter ACHILLES, *with Myrmidons.*

Achil. Come here about me, you my myrmidons;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:
It is decreed—Hector the Great must die. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *The same.*

Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, *fighting: then* THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker, are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho! [*Exeunt Par. and Men.*]

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Another Part of the Field.**Enter HECTOR.*

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
[*Puts off his Helmet, and hangs his Shield
behind him.*]

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.

[*Hector falls.*]

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[*A Retreat sounded.*]

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like, the armies separates.

My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[*Sheaths his Sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X. *The same.*

*Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,
DIOMEDES, and others, marching.* Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest.

[*Within*]

Peace, drums.

Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

104 TROILUS AND
This play is more correctly written than
Shakspeare's compositions, but it is not one of those
in which either the extent of his views or elevation of
his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded
with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he
has diversified his characters with great variety, and
preserved them with great exactness. His vicious cha-
racters disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both Cressida
and Pardarus are detested and condemned. The comic
characters seem to have been the favourites of the
writer: they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit
more of manners than nature; but they are copiously
filled, and powerfully impressed. Shakspeare has in
his story followed, for the greater part, the old book
of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the cha-
racter of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a
proof that this play was written after Chapman had
published his version of Homer. JOHNSON.

C. Whittingham Printer, Chiswick

TIMON OF ATHENS.



From the Chiswick Press.

1813.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Timon, a noble Athenian.

Lucius,
Lucullus,
Sempronius, } Lords, and Flatterers of Timon.
Ventidius, one of Timon's false Friends.
Apemantus, a churlish Philosopher.
Alcibiades, an Athenian General.
Flavius, Steward to Timon.

Flaminias; } Timon's Servants.
Lucilius,
Servilius,
Caphis,
Philotus,
Titus,
Lucius,
Hortensius,

} Servants to Timon's Creditors.
Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Iaidore;
two of Timon's Creditors.
Cupid, and Maskers. Three Strangers.
Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.
An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

Phrynia, } Mistresses to Alcibiades.
Timandra, }
Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and
Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; and the Woods adjoining.

ACT I.



SCENE I. ATHENS. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others,
at several Doors.*

Poet. GOOD day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both: t'other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew.

Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continue goodness:
He passes.

Jew.

I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon, sir?

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i'the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Rach bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir.—And when comes you

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excelle

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this gra
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
'This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gestu
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good?

Poet.

I'll say of it,

In a wide sea of wax: no level'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no track behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet.

I'll unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality), tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer,
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain.

I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o'the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain.

'Tis conceiv'd to scope.

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet.

Nay, sir, but hear me on:

All those which were his fellows but of late
(Some better than his value), on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT 1.

Ay, marry, what of these?
On Fortune, in her shift and change of
od,
her late-belov'd, all his dependants,
r'd after him to the mountain's top,
r knees and hands, let him slip down,
ompanying his declining foot.
common :
moral paintings I can show,
monstrate these quick blows of fortune
ntly than words. Yet you do well,
l Timon, that mean eyes have seen
ve the head.

*nd. Enter TIMON, attended; the Servant
VENTIDIUS talking with him.*

Imprison'd is he, say you?
Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
ost short, his creditors most strait :
able letter he desires
; shut him up; which failing to him,
omfort.

Noble Ventidius! Well ;
hat feather, to shake off
en he must need me. I do know him
that well deserves a help,
ll have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.
Your lordship ever binds him.
send me to him: I will send his ransom ;
franchis'd, bid him come to me :—
gh to help the feeble up,
t him after.—Fare you well.
All happiness to your honour! [Exit.

Enter an old ATHENIAN.
ord Timon, hear me speak.
Freely, good father.
Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.
ve so: What of him?
Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.
nds he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service. [creature,

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift:
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trowcher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To Lucilius] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath.

Most noble Lord,

'awn me to this your honour, she is his.
Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you! [*Exeunt Luc. and old A*

Poet. Vouchsafely my labour, and long live your lordship

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim.

Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since disbonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain.

The gods preserve y

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your ha
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew.

What, my lord? disprai

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.

If I should pay you for't, as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew.

My lord, 'tis rated

As those, which sell, would give: But you well kn
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by wearing it.

Tim.

Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the comm
Which all men speak with him. [*toos*]

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear with your lordship.

Mer.

He'll spare no

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morn

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves?

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? these

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Yes.

1. Then I repent not.

You know me, Apemantus.

1. Thou know'st, I do ; I call'd thee by thy name.

Thou art proud, Apemantus.

1. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like

Whither art going?

1. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

That's a deed thou'lt die for.

1. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

1. The best, for the innocence.

Wrought he not well, that painted it?

1. He wrought better, that made the painter ; and

1. but a filthy piece of work.

1. You are a dog.

1. Thy mother's of my generation ; what's she,

a dog?

1. Willst dine with me, Apemantus?

1. No ; I eat not lords.

1. An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

1. O, they eat lords ; so they come by great bellies.

1. That's a lascivious apprehension.

1. So thou apprehend'st it : Take it for thy labour.

1. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

1. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not man a doit.

1. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

1. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

1. How now, philosopher?

1. Thou liest.

1. Art not one?

1. Yes.

1. Then I lie not.

1. Art not a poet?

Yes.

1. Then thou liest : look in thy last work, where

1. thou feign'd him a worthy fellow.

That's not feign'd, he is so.

Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for

thy labour: He, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv.

'Tis Alcibiades, and
Some twenty horse, all of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,
Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir!

[*They salute.*]

Apem.

So, so; there!—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet
knaves,

And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and moukey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim.

Right welcome, sir:

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time

In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus.*]

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time a-day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The more accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. [*Exit.*

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in, and taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes

The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold, is but his steward: no meed, but he repays

Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,

But breeds the giver a return exceeding

All use of quittance.

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries, That ever govern'd man.

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in TIMON'S House.

Hautboys playing loud Music. A great Banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other ATHENIAN Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods remember
y' father's age, and call him to long peace.

I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must n
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are f
Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking*

Tim. Nay, my lords, our
Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there ne
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortu
Than my fortunes to me.

1 Lord. My lord, we always have confess

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, ha

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem.

You shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors

Tim. Fie, thou art a churl; you have go
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame
They say, my lords, that *ira furor, brevis e*
But yond' man's ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, T
I come to observe; I give thee warning on

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art a
therefore welcome: I myself would hav
pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould et
should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! wha

I eat Timon, and he sees them not!
 'Tis me, to see so many dip their meat
 In man's blood; and all the madness is,
 Cheers them up too.

Wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
 'Tis thinks, they should invite them without knives;
 Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
 There's much example for't; the fellow, that
 Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
 The breath of him in a divided draught,
 Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.
 If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
 Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
 Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart: and let the health go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem.

Flow this way!

A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,
 Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
 Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
 Honest water, which ne'er left man i'the mire:
 This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.
 Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS' GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
 I pray for no man, but myself:
 Grant I may never prove so fond,
 To trust man on his oath or bond;
 Or a harlot, for her weeping;
 Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
 Or a keeper with my freedom;
 Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
 Amen. So fall to't:

Rich men sin, and I eat root. [Eats and drinks.]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies,
 In a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, 'Timon.

2 *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much! [Tucket sounded.

Tim. What means that trumpet?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord,
which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cupid. Hail to thee, worthy Timon; and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear,
Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes. [*tance;*

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admit-
Music, make their welcome. [*Exit Cupid.*

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, with a Masque of Ladies, as
Amazons, with Lutes in their Hands, dancing and
playing.

Apem. Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this
They dance! they are mad women. [*way!*
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root,
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

[*The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of
Timon; and, to show their Loves, each singles out
an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women, a
lusty Strain or two to the Hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment, [*Ladies,*
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
and entertain'd me with mine own device;
and to thank you for it.

1 *Lord*. My lord, you take us even at the best.
Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not
 hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
 Attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt Cupid and Ladies*.]

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; [*Aside*.]

Else I should tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I should,

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.

'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind;

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit, and returns with the Casket*.]

1 *Lord*. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord*. Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word

To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must

Entreat you, honour me so much, as to

Advance this jewel;

Accept, and wear it, kind, my lord.

1 *Lord*. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
 Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,

Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:

I prythee, let us be provided

To show them entertainment.

Flav.

I scarce know how. [*Aside*.]

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv*. May it please your honour, the lord Lucius,

Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [Aside] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts:
And all out of an empty coffer.—
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[Exit.

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—
Here, my lord; a trifle of our love.

2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive

3 Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty! *[it.*

Tim. And now I remember me, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

3 Lord. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no
Can justly praise, but what he does affect: *[man*
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

TIMON OF ATHENS,

ACT I.

None so welcome.

Take all and your several visitations;
Heart, 'tis not enough to give;
I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
be weary.—Alcibiades,
A soldier, therefore seldom rich,
in charity to thee: for all thy living
at the dead; and all the lands thou hast
pitch'd field.

Ay, defiled land, my lord.

g. We are so virtuously bound,—

And so

o you.

rd. So infinitely endear'd,—

. All to you.—Lights, more lights.

ord.

The best of happiness,

our, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

n. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.*]

cm.

What a coil's here!

ng of becks, and jutting out of bums!

bt whether their legs be worth the sums

are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:

inks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

a. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,

good to thee.

cm.

No, I'll nothing: for,

ould be brib'd too, there would be none left

il upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the fast

giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou

give away thyself in paper shortly:

need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

i.

u begin to rail on society once,

sworn, not to give regard to you.

ell; and come with better music.

m.

lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not hear

aven from thee. O, that men's ears

insel deaf, but not to flattery!

ACT II.



SCENE I. *The same. A Room in a Senator's House.*

Enter a Senator, with Papers in his Hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro ; and to Isidore,
He owes nine thousand ; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste ? It cannot hold ; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold :
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses : No porter at his gate ;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold ; no reason
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho !
Caphis, I say !

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir ; What is your pleasure ;
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon ;
Fortune him for my moneys ; be not ceas'd

With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah,
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Have smit my credit: I love, and honour him;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger:
 Immediate are my needs; and my relief
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand; for I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir?—take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in compt.

Caph.

I will, sir.

Go. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. A Hall in TIMON'S House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with many Bills in his Hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account
 How things go from him; nor resumes no care
 Of what is to continue; Never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
 What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
 I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph.

Good even, Varro: What,

ou come for money?

Var. Serv.

Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is;—And yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv.

It is so.

Ceph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. Serv.

I fear it.

Ceph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? What's your will?

Ceph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Ceph.

Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Ceph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days this month:

My master is awak'd by great occasion,

To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,

That with your other noble parts you'll suit,

In giving him his right.

Tim.

Mine honest friend,

I pry'thee, but repair to me next morning.

Ceph. Nay, good, my lord.

Tim.

Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv.

From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Ceph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,

And past,—

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:—

I do beseech you, good, my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.*

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you.

(*To Flavio.*)

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,

And the détention of long-since-due debts,

'Gainst my honour?

Flav.

Please you, gentlemen.

The time is unagreeable to this business :
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner ;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends :
See them well entertain'd. [Exit Timon.
Flav. I pray, draw near. [Exit Flavius.

Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus ; let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog !

Var. Serv. How dost, fool ?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No ; 'tis to thyself,—Come away. [To the Fool.

Isid. Serv. [To Var. Serv.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now ?

Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men ! bawds between gold and want !

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus ?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why ?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen ?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool : How does your mistress ?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good ! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page—

Page. [To the Fool] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, & dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[Exit Page.]
Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers.

All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like too. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; metime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher;

soberly as I have, so much will thou increase.

Apem. That answer might have become *Apem*
All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord *Timon*

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come, with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder husband
and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool*]

Flav. Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you

[*Exeunt Servants*]

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear
At many leasures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O, my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them o

Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd; some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O, my good lord, the world is but a word;
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilt of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord
Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are coach'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:

No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack.
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,

And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are
crown'd,

That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there, ho!—*Flaminius! Servilius!*

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will despatch you severally,—You, to lord
Lucius,—

To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
Honour to-day;—You, to Sempronius;
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money: let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus! humph!

[Aside.

Tim. Go you, sir, *[To another Serv.]* to the senators
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing), bid 'em send o'the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold
(For that I knew it the most general way),
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can it be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—but
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—*his pity*

so, intending other serious matters,
 or distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
 with certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
 they froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
 pry'thee, man, look cheerly; These old fellows
 have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
 their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
 'tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
 and nature, as it grows again toward earth,
 fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
 O to Ventidius,—[*To a Serv.*] 'Pry'thee [*To Flav.*]
 be not sad,

hon art true, and honest; ingeniously I speak,
 no blame belongs to thee:—[*To Serv.*] Ventidius lately
 buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
 into a great estate: when he was poor,
 imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
 clear'd him with five talents; Greet him from me;
 bid him suppose, some good necessity
 touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
 with those five talents:—that had,—[*To Flav.*] give it
 these fellows,

to whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
 that Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it; That thought is
 bounty's foe;
 being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE I. *The same. A Room in LUCULLUS*

FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [Aside] One of lord Timon's men? warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, bones

supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he! alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning, by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with Wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminus, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—*[To the Servant, who goes out]*—Draw nearer, honest Flaminus. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ; And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee. *[Throwing the Money away.]*

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. *[Exit Lucullus.]*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scold
Let molten coin be thy damnation, *[these!]*
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave

Unto his honour, has my lord's meat i
 Why should it thrive, and turn to nut
 When he is turn'd to poison?
 O, may diseases only work upon't!
 And, when he is sick to death, let not th
 Which my lord paid for, be of any po
 To expel sickness, but prolong his ho

SCENE II. The same. A pu

Enter LUCIUS, with three Str

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is
 friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less
 but strangers to him. But I can tell y
 lord, and which I hear from commo
 lord Timon's happy hours are done a
 estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he
 money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lor
 ago, one of his men was with the lo
 borrow so many talents; nay, urged
 and showed what necessity belonged t
 denied.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that?
 gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied i
 man? there was very little honour sho
 my own part, I must needs confess,
 some small kindnesses from him, as
 jewels, and such like trifles, nothing
 his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent
 ne'er have denied his occasion so many

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my l
 to see his honour.—My honoured lov

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly r
 well:—Commend me to thy honor
 my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, thinkst thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully,

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius,—

[Exit Servilius.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[Exit Lucius.]

1 Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 Stran. Ay, too well.

1 Stran. Why this

's the world's soul; and just of the same piece
's every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
his friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in

My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
 And kept his credit with his purse;
 Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
 Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
 But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
 And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man
 When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
 He does deny him, in respect of his,
 What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.*

For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life,
 Nor came any of his bounties over me,
 To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
 And honourable carriage,
 Had his necessity made use of me,
 I would have put my wealth into donation,
 And the best half should have return'd to him,
 So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
 For policy sits above conscience.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in SEMPRONIUS' House.

Enter SEMPRONIUS and a Servant of TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph! 'How
 all others?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
 And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
 Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these three
 Owe their estates unto him.

Serv.

O my lord,

They have all been touch'd, and found base metal; for
 They have all denied him!

Sem.

How! have they denied him?

Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
 And does he send to me? Three? Humph! *Exeunt.*
 It shows but little love or judgment in him:
 Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians

Thrive, give him over; Must I take the cure upon me?
 He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
 That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,
 But his occasions might have woo'd me first,
 For, in my conscience, I was the first man
 That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
 And does he think so backwardly of me now,
 That I'll requite it last? No: so it may prove
 An argument of laughter to the rest,
 And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.
 I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
 He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
 I had such a courage to do him good. But now return,
 And with their faint reply this answer join;
 Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[Exit.

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain.
 The devil know not what he did, when he made man
 politic; he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think,
 but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear.
 How fairly this lord strives to appear foul? takes vir-
 tuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot
 ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.
 Of such a nature is his politic love:
 This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
 Save the gods only: Now his friends are dead,
 Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
 Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
 Now to guard sure their master.
 And this is all a liberal course allows;
 Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. *The same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of
 LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other
 Servants to TIMON's Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

*Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and
 Tit. The like to you, kind Varro. [Hortensius.*

Hor. Lucius!
What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And, sir,
Philotus too!

Phi. Good day to once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with
You must consider, that a prodigal course [him:
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.

I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth;
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.
1 Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns.
Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine. [What say you?

SCENE 4. TIMON OF ATHENS.

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1 *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by
Your master's confidence was above mine; [the sum,
Else, surely, his had equal'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminious! sir, a word: 'Pray, is my lord
ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are
too diligent. [*Exit Flaminious.*

Enter FLAVIUS, in a Cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

1 *Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav.

Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then prefer'd you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat
Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down the interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but
To stir me up; let me pass quietly: [wrong,
Believ't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav.

If 'twill not,

'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves. [*Exit.*

1 *Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship
mutter?

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's
revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that
has no house to put his head in? such may rail against
great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Flav. O here's Servilius; now we shall know
Some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
To repair some other hour, I should much
Derive from it: for, take it, on my soul,
My lord leans wondrously to discontent.
His comfortable temper has forsook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir. [lord!—

Flam. [*Within*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my

Enter TIMON, in a Rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in new, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both. Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—— [girdle.

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?—

1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,——

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,——

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!

Hor. Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw their
caps at their money; these debts may well be call'd
desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[Exit.

[Exit

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:
editors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord;—

Tim. What, if it should be so?

Flav. My lord;—

Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
cinius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:
once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
a only speak from your distracted soul;
ere is not so much left, to furnish out
moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,
bargh thee; invite them all: let in the tide
knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same.* The SENATE-HOUSE.

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's
body; 'tis necessary he should die:

nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Sen. Most true; the law shall bruiſe him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

Sen. Now, captain!

Alcib. I am an humble ſuitor to your virtues;

for pity is the virtue of the law,

and none but tyrants uſe it cruelly.

pleaſes time, and fortune, to lie heavy

on a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,

with ſtepp'd into the law, which is paſt depth

thoſe that, without heed, do plunge into it.

is a man, ſetting his fate aſide,

ſomely virtues:

did he ſoil the fact with cowardice

honour in him, which buys out his fault;

But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe :
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
Your words have took such pains, as if they lab'd
To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born :
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe ; and make his w
His outsides ; wear them like his raiment, carele
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill ?

Alcib. My lord,——

1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon a
If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threat'nings? sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass, more captain than the lion; the fel
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O, my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger, is impiety;

But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain? his service done
At Lacedemon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, h'as done fair
And slain in fight many of your enemies: [service,
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em, he
Is a sworn rioter: h'as a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none), yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receiv't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 Sen.

Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me; What?

It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace;
My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me?
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our
spirit,

He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you
Only in bone, that none may look on you! [may live
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts;—All those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? ha! banishment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts,
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *A magnificent Room in Timon's House.*

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter
divers Lords, at several Doors.

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think this honour-
able lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when
we encountered: I hope, it is not so low with him, as
he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his
new feasting.

1 *Lord*. I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear:

2 *Lord*. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord*. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord*. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord*. A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord*. A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord*. What of you?

3 *Lord*. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—and how fare you?

1 *Lord*. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Lord*. The swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 *Lord*. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord*. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ay, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The Banquet brought in.*]

2 *Lord*. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

3 *Lord*. If you had sent but two hours before—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—
e, bring in all together.

3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon: there's a good feast toward.

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

3 Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome. Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The Dishes uncovered, are full of warm Water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold.

pt of mouth-friends! smoke, and lukewarm water
perfection. This is Timon's last;
back and spangled you with flatteries
as it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing Water in their Faces.]

roeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
leous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
man, and beast, the infinite malady
at you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou;—

[Throws the Dishes at them, and drives them out.]

y, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
hat, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
hereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
urn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Timon, man, and all humanity! *[Exit.]*

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

- 1 Lord. How now, my lords?
- 2 Lord. Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?
- 3 Lord. Pish! did you see my cap?
- 4 Lord. I have lost my gown.
- 3 Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour
says him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now
has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?
- 4 Lord. Did you see my cap?
- 2 Lord. Here 'tis.
- 4 Lord. Here lies my gown.
- 1 Lord. Let's make no stay.
- 2 Lord. Lord Timon's mad.
- 3 Lord. I feel't upon my bones.
- 4 Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day
stones. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE I. Without the Walls of ATHENS.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o'the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats? bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o'the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,

And gr
To the
Amen.

SCEN

1:
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thou wall,
the earth,
noontime;
fools,
the bench,
a filth

hold fast;
r knives,
servants, sics'
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To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
Amen.

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SCENE II. ATHENS. A Room in TIMON'S H

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where's our ma
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to y
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with t

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT 4

purse pick'd: and his poor self,
a beggar to the air,
disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

All broken implements of a ruin'd house.
O. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
O I by our faces; we are fellows still,
g alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
e, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
ng the surges threat: we must all part
this sea of air.

av. Good fellows all,
latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
ereover we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
e have seen better days. Let each take some;
[Giving them Money.

lay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
hus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[Exit Servants.

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends;
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bleas'd, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to

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Supply his life, or that which can command it.

I'll follow, and inquire him out:

I'll serve his mind with my best will;

Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The Woods.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
So are they all; for every grize of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pale
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging.

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle volarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT 4.

at men's pillows from below their heads;
 ow slave
 t and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
 e hear leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
 re them title, knee, and approbation,
 enators on the bench: this is it,
 akes the wappen'd widow wed again;
 hom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores
 id cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 e April day again. Come, damned earth,
 a common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
 ong the rout of nations, I will make thee
 thy right nature.—[*March afar off*].—Ha! a Drum?

—Thou'rt quick,
 it yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,
 hen gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
 ay, stay thou out for earnest. [Keeping some God.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with Drum and Fife, in warlike
 manner; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

What art thou there?

Alcib.
 Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart
 For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee
 That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am misanthropos, and hate mankind.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
 That I might love thee something.

Alcib.
 But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.
 Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that
 thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
 With man's blood paint the ground, gales, gu'
 Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
 Then what should war be? This fell whore
 Hath in her more destruction than thy aw'
 For all her cherubim look. Thy lips re'
 Phry.

SCEN
 Tim
 To th
 Alc
 Ti
 But
 The
 W
 M

I will not kiss thee; then the rod returns
to own lips again.

b. How came the noble Timon to this change?

c. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
When renew I could not, like the moon;

We were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib.

What friendship may I do thee?

Noble Timon,

Tim.

None, but to

Maintain my opinion.

Alcib.

What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: If
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,
For thou'rt a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim.

Art thou Timandra?

Timan.

Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use
thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves

For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth,

To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Timan.

Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,

The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,

How curs'd Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them.—

Tim. I pry thee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Alcib.
Here's some gold for thee.

Keep't, I cannot eat

Tim.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib.

Ay, Timon, and have

Tim. The gods confound them all i'thy conquest!

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib.

Why me, T

Tim. That,

By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer
My country.

Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He's an usurer; Strike ~~me~~ the counterfeit matron

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those mil

That through the window-bars bore at men's e

That through the window-bars bore at men's e

sway, and Timon. Give us some gold, good Timon :
Hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant : You are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions : Be whores still ;
And be whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up !
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats : Yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary : And thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead ;—some that were hang'd,
No matter :—wear them, betray with them : whore still ;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face :
A pox of wrinkles !

Phry. and Timon. Well, more gold ;—What then ?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly : hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself : down with the nose,
Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee, [bald ;
Smells from the general wheel : make curl-pate ruffians
And let the unscar'd braggards of the war
Derive some pain from you : Plague all ;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold :—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all !

Phry. and Timon. More counsel with more money,
bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first ; [you earnest
Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens. I have giv
Farey [T

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

om, one
ptions womb,
grateful man!
us, wolves, and bears;
whom thy upward face
ion all above
oot,—Dear thanks!
ies, and plough-torn leas;
with liquorish draughts,
greases his pure mind,
eration slips?

PEMANTUS.

Plague!

sted litter: Men report,
s manners, and dost use them.
because thou dost not keep a dog
mitate: Consumption catch thee!
in thee a nature but affected;
melancholy, sprung
fortune. Why this spade? this place?

Whose name
Of wreakful
To the conf
Answer more
O! thou shalt

Tim.

Apem. I love t

Tim. I hate th

Apem.

Tim.

Apem. I flatter n

Tim. Why dost

Apem.

Tim. Always t

Dost please thyself

Apem.

Tim. Is the

Apem. Is the

'This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
 Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
 Hug their discas'd perfumes, and have forgot
 That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
 By putting on the cunning of a carper.
 Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
 And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
 And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome,
 To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
 That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,
 Rascals should hav't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
 A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
 Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,
 That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
 And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
 Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—
 Whose naked natures live in all the spite
 Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
 To the conflicting elements expos'd,
 Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee:
 O! thou shalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caittiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

Apem.

Ay.

Tim.

Apem. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on

as my connection
tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
I could frame employment;
upon me stuck, as leaves
ve with one winter's brush
oughs, and left me open, bare
that blows;—I, to bear this,
but better, is some burden:
commence in sufferance, time
ward in't. Why should'st thou hate men?
er'd thee: What hast thou given?
se,—thy father, that poor rag,
ject; who, in spite, put stuff
ggar, and compounded thee
editary. Hence! be gone!—
not been born the worst of men,
en a knave, and flatterer.
Art thou proud yet?

at I am not thee. I, that I was

ere I
Tim.
mind!
Apem. W
Tim. To
Apem. The
but the extren
gilt, and thy
curiosity; in
despised for the
eat it.
Tim. On what I
Apem. Dost hate
Tim. Ay, though
Apem. As thou
shouldst have
didst thou ever
his means?
Tim. Who ever
them ever knew

Tim. I, that I am one now;
Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it. *[Eating a Root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[Offering him something.

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;

If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,

Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,
where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my
mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy
gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much
curiosity; in thy rage thou knowest none, but art
despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee,
eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated medlars sooner, thou
shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man
didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after
his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst
thou ever know beloved?

thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert
a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse: wert
a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard:
thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and
pots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all
safety were remotion; and thy defence, absence.
A beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to
lust? and what a beast art thou already, that accost
thy loss in transformation?

tem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to
thou mightest have hit upon it here: The common-
th of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

n. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art
the city?

m. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: The plague
company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it,
the way: When I know not what else to do, I'll
again.

When there is nothing living but thee, thou

I am sick
But even the
Then, Timon,
Lie where thou
Thy grave-stone
That death in
O thou sweet k

Twixt natural
Of Hymen's part
Thou ever young
Whose blush do
That lies on Dia
That colder it
And mak'st the
To every part
Think, thy
Set them
May have

all be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than
permanently.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy, but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—

I beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Whoever does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim.

Away,

you tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose

stone by thee!

[*Throws a Stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim.

Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*Apemantus retreats backward, as going.*]

I sick of this false world; and will love nought
even the mere necessities upon it.

O, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
where the light foam of the sea may beat
grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the Gold.*]

natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

men's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

For young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

on Dian's lap! thou visible god,

er'st close impossibilities,

let them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue.

purpose! O thou touch of hearts!

slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

to confounding odds, that beaute

to world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere so;—
But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim.

Throng'd to?

Apem.

Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem.

Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[*Exit Apemantus.*]

More things like men?—Rat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves.

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

[*want.*]

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:

The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

[*Enter*]

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you com,

That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not

dier shapes: for there is boundless theft
united professions. Rascal thieves,
's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape,
the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
antidotes are poison, and he slays
than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
illany, do, since you profess to do't,

workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
n general excrement: each thing's a thief;
laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
e uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves: away;
one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
ik open shops; nothing can you steal,
thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this
re you; and gold confound you howsoever!

[Timon retires to his Cave.]

Thief. He has almost charmed me from my profes-
sion, by persuading me to it.

Thief. 'Tis in the malice of mankind; that he thus
uses us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

Thief. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over
trade.

Thief. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is
time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[Exit Thieves.]

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
on despis'd and ruinous man my lord:
of decay and failing? O monument
wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
t an alteration of honour has
state want made!

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
 Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
 How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
 When man was wish'd to love his enemies:
 Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me, than those that do
 He has caught me in his eye: I will present
 My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
 Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim.

Then

I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man
 About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,
 To serve in meat to villains.

Flav.

The gods are witness,

Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
 For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—then

I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
 Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
 But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping: [ing!
 Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weep.

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good, my lord,
 To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts,
 To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
 So comfortable? It almost turns

My dangerous nature wild. Let me behold

Thy face.—Surely; this man was born of woman.—

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,

Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim

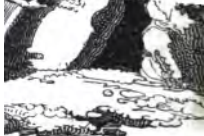
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;

No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—

How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure),
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take:—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:
But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all: show charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them,
Debts wither them: Be men like blasted woods,
And lick up their false bloods!



ae. Before TIMON's Cave.
er; TIMON behind, unseen.
of the place, it cannot be far

ought of him? Does the rumour
so full of gold?
iades reports it; Phrynia, and
im: he likewise enriched poor
great quantity: 'Tis said, he
mighty sum.
king of his has been but a try

you shall see him a palm is
dish with the highest. There-
tender our loves to him, in this
s: it will show honestly in us:
ad our purposes with what they
ust and true report that goes d
ou now to present unto him?

Do not
Tim.
work?
Do so, I
Pect.
Then do
When we
Pain. Tim.
When the d
Find what d
Come:
Tim. I'll mo
That he is wor
Than where sw
'Tis thou that r
Sottiest admir
To thee be wor
Be crown'd with
'Fit I do meet
Pect. Tim.
Pain.
Tim. Hagar
Pect. Tim.
Having done

Pain, Nothing at this time but my visitation; only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o'the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come:

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Fit I do meet them.

[Advancing.]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain.

Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,

Pain.
Have travell'd
And sweetly felt it.

Tim.

Pain. We are lither come to one than
Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.
Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that I
have gold;

I am sure you have: speak truth: you are honest men.
Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best!
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction,
So, so, my lord.
[To the Poet.]
Blessed you!

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both.

To make it known to us. You'll take it ill.
Tim.

Both.

Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim.

Come

But
Hen
You
Ye
O

Doubt it not, worthy lord.

There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
Sightily deceives you.

Do we, my lord?

A. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
His gross patchery, love him, feed him,
In your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain:

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet.

Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in com-
Each man apart, all single and alone, [pany:—
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[To the Painter.

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[To the Poet.

But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves:
You have done work for me, there's payment: Hence!
You are an alchemist, make gold of that:—
Out, rascal dogs! [Exit, beating and driving them out.

SCENE II. The same.

Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 Sen.

Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,

To speak with Timon.

2 Sen.

At all times alike

Men are not still the same. 'Twas time, and griefs,

for ourselves in this.
h one consent of love,
to Athens; who have thought
es, which vacant lie
nd wearing.

They confess,
etfulness too general, gross:
ublic body,—which doth seldom
—feeling in itself
aid, hath sense withal
straining aid to Timon;
, to make their sorrowed render,
ecompense more fruitful
can weigh down by the dram;
as and sums of love and wealth,
ot out what wrongs were theirs,
the figures of their love,
thine.

You witch me in it:
very brink of tears:

My pity of
I cannot ch
And let him
While you ha
There's not a
But I do prize
The reverend'st
To the protection
As thieves to keep
Flav.
Tim. Why, I was
It will be seen to
Of health, and living
And nothing brings
Be Alcibiades
And last so long
I Sen.
Tim. But yet I
One that rep
As common brain

Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours), to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore I will, sir; Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then, let him know,—and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him tak't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1 Sen.

We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck.
Is common bruit doth put it.

And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my gravestone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end;
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and, death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit Timon.*]

1 Sen. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 Sen.

It requires swift foot.

[*Exit*]

The
Doll
Our

The

Sol
Who'
Timon
Some
Dead
What
Pl to

SCENE III. *The Walls of ATHENS.*

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;—
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i'the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring

Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The Woods. TIMON's Cave, and a Tombstone seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.

Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:

Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.

Dead, sure; and this his grave.—

What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character

I'll take with wax.

Our captain hath in every figure skill;

An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:

Before proud Athens he's set down by this,

Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.

[Exit.]

SCENE V. *Before the Walls of ATHENS.**Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Fa**Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious id*
*Our terrible approach. [A Parley sou**Enter Senators on the Walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
 With all licentious measure, making your wills
 The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
 As slept within the shadow of your power,
 Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath
 Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
 When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
 Cries, of itself, *No more*: now breathless wrong
 Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
 And pury insolence shall break his wind,
 With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.*

Noble, and young,
 When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
 Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear,
 We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
 To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
 Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.*

So did we woo
 Transformed Timon to our city's love,
 By humble message, and by promis'd means;
 We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
 The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.*

These walls of ours
 Were not erected by their hands, from whom
 You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
 That these great towers, trophies, and schools, sho
 For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.*

Nor are they living,
 Who were the motives that you first went out;
 Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
 Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
 Into our city with thy banners spread:
 By decimation, and a tithed death
 (If thy revenges hunger for that food,
 Which nature loaths), take thou the death'd

And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.*

All have not offended ;
For those that were, it is not square, to take,
On those that are, revenges : crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended : like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not altogether

2 *Sen.*

What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.*

Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope ;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.*

Throw thy glove ;
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion ; all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib.

Then there's my glove ;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports ;
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more : and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied, to your public laws,
At heaviest answer.

Both.

'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[The Senators descend, and open the Gates.]

Enter a Soldier.

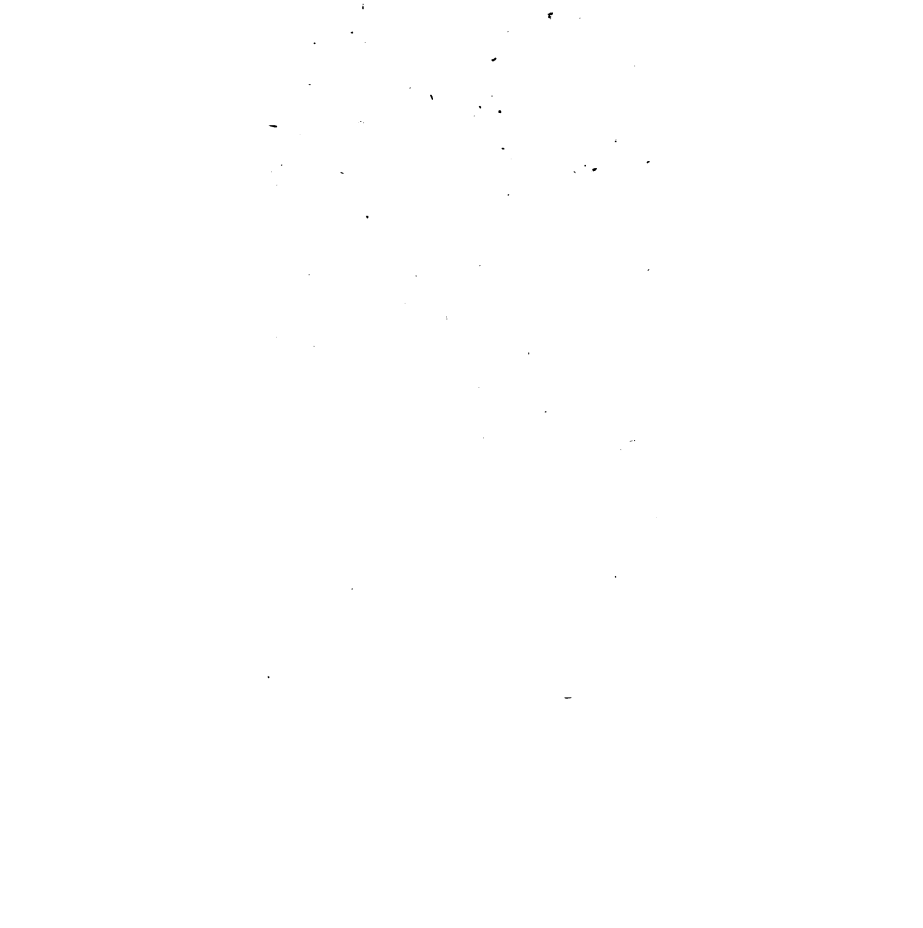
Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead ;

With wax I brought away, whose
interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [Reads] Here lies a wretched corpse of wretched
soul bereft:

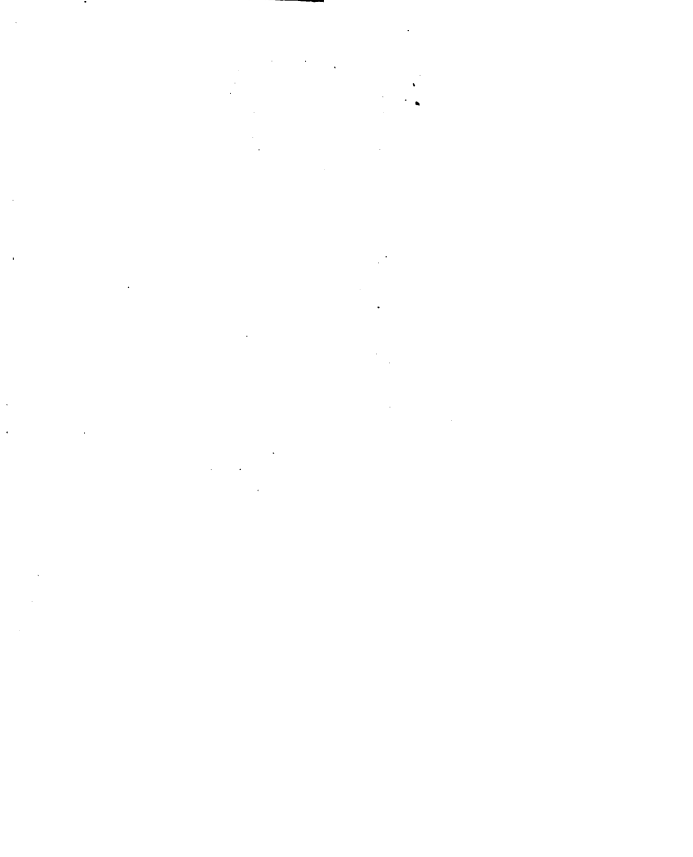
Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked co-
Heirs lie I, Timon: who, alive, all living men did hate
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not
thy gait.

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhor'st in us our human griefs,
Scorn'st our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—
Let our drums strike. [Exit]











APR 15 1941